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THE ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 2.



NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCHYARDE.

BY EDWARD HAKE.

1579.

This work is printed for the ſubſcribers only, and the impreſſion ſtrictly limited to One Hundred and Thirty-One copies, twenty-five being on Large Paper; and ſix on Vellum. Every copy is numbered and ſigned by the editor. *Charles Edmonds.*

Small Paper, No. *91.*

Newes out of Powles Churchyarde.

WRITTEN IN ENGLISH SATYRS.

BY EDWARD HAKE,

M. P. FOR NEW WINDSOR.

TEMP. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ACCURATELY REPRINTED FROM THE EXCESSIVELY RARE EDITION OF 1579 IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR CHARLES E. ISHAM, BART.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, AND EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTHOR'S OTHER WORKS,

BY CHARLES EDMONDS,

EDITOR OF THE "ISHAM SHAKESPEARE," "THE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN," ETC.

LONDON:

HENRY SOTHERAN, BAER AND CO.

1872.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN it is considered that one of the most erudite and experienced of our poetical critics (Mr. J. Payne Collier) has declared of the present production (in his "Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language") that "there is no more rare or more curious work in our language, that only a single copy of it is known, and that, although mentioned by later bibliographers, it was unknown to Ritson;" and further, that "nobody has yet pretended to give a notion of its contents," I may perhaps be thought not unreasonable in selecting it for No. 2 of the "Isham Reprints." But when Mr. Collier published this opinion in 1865, neither he nor the literary world in general could have dreamt that two years afterwards it would be the good fortune of the present editor to light upon so unexpected and precious a mine of early English literature as he did in Sept. 1867, when he discovered in the lumber-room at Sir Charles Isham's ancient family mansion, Lamport Hall, near Northampton, not only a second copy of this work in perfect condition, but also many other rare,

and ſeveral altogether-unknown publications of the ſame era.

This work, however, has other recommendations beſides its rarity, differing in this reſpect from many other pieces of our early poets which, apparently on this account alone, have had the honour of a reprint. The author's object was a highly creditable one, and reflects luſtre on his courage no leſs than on his talents. It was no light thing in that deſpotic age to attack vice in high places,—to inveigh, as he fearleſsly and forcibly does in the courſe of his "Eight Satyrs," not only againſt the ſmaller ſinners, ſuch as bawds, uſurers, brokers, and others of a ſimilar diſcreditable claſs,—not only againſt thoſe of a more educated one, ſuch as phyſicians, apothecaries, and ſurgeons, counſel and attorneys, whoſe vengeance he might have ſet at defiance,—but it was far more perilous to attack openly powerful church dignitaries for their rapacity and idleneſs, and great judges for their corruption and partialities in the adminiſtration of juſtice. The Star Chamber was no idle inſtitution—its power was continually put in requiſition; troubleſome critics being committed to the priſons, and obnoxious writings to the flames, with the ruthleſſneſs natural to offended eccleſiaſtics in all ages.

This ſtrong feeling, however, on the part of our author was a perfectly conſiſtent one. Not only in this, but in all his other works, there is apparent a ſtrain of high-mindedneſs and hatred of wrong which cannot but intereſt us in his favour; and whether as a humble ſtudent of the law, or as under-ſteward, and eventually Mayor of, and Member of Parliament for, Windſor, we find him equally ardent in his purſuit of reform. But that his praiſeworthy expoſures would draw down upon him

the ill will of thoſe attacked was only to be expected; and we conſequently find in his works (particularly in his Addreſs to his Patron, the Earl of Leiceſter, printed at the beginning of the preſent work) continual alluſions to the perſecutions he was obliged to endure at their hands.

The particulars of Hake's life, like thoſe of many other literary men of that early period, are but ſcanty, and are to be gleaned more from remarks in his own works than from the information of others. Notwithſtanding that he was a voluminous author, as well as a buſy public man, the only biographical dictionaries into which he has gained admiſſion are the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," edited by Dr. Hoefer, publiſhed by Didot, in Paris, 1855-66, 46 vols. 8vo.; the "Dictionary of Biographical Reference," by L. B. Phillips, 1 vol. 1871; and Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of Engliſh and American Authors," 3 vols. 1859-71; but in all theſe the notices are brief and unſatisfactory. It is true that a very imperfect account of his works is given in Ritſon's "Bibliographia Poetica," and he is briefly alluded to by Warton in his "Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry." T. Park, alſo, in his ſupplement to the Harleian Miſcellany, Vol. IX., where he reprints Hake's "Commemoration," devotes a few lines to him, which are marked by that ingenious critic's uſual inexactitude. In Nichols's "Progreſſes of Queen Elizabeth," and in Brydges's "Reſtituta," as I ſhall ſhow on ſubſequent pages, are extracts from ſome of his works, but they throw but little light on his perſonal hiſtory. His parentage is unknown, but that he was reſpectably connected is evidenced by the dedication of his "Commemoration" to "M. Edwarde Eliotte, Eſquier,"

who held the important office of "the Queenes Maieſties Surueyour of all her Honours Manours, Landes and poſſeſſions within her highnes County of Eſſex," and whom he deſignates his couſin.

His ſchoolmaſter was John Hopkins, a clergyman of Suffolk, and the metrical aſſociate of Sternhold; the pair being famous as having (with others), produced the worſt verſion poſſible of the Pſalms of David. He was brought up to the profeſſion of the law, and reſided, as is proved by alluſions in his works, in Gray's Inn and Barnard's Inn; but as my reſearches in the original books of entry belonging to thoſe venerable ſeats of law and learning have failed to diſcover the name of Edward Hake, it is preſumable that he was not a member of, but only a reſident in, thoſe Inns of Court. That he was a regular law-practitioner is proved by references in his "Commemoration," wherein he apologizes not only for "ſpendyng his time, or at the leaſt, ſome parte of the ſame in things by ſemblaunce, ſo far diſcrepaunte from his profeſſion," but ſpeaks with apparent diſguſt of his "vocation, which," he ſays, "indeede reſteth in the ſtudy, or rather a meane place of practiſe of y^e cōmon lawes of this Realme." And in the Addreſs before his "Newes," he alſo reveals a portion of his perſonal hiſtory, though there he ſpeaks of his practiſing in the Court of Chancery. After repudiating the notion of his being induced by the mere hope of profit to publiſh a new edition of the latter work, he modeſtly confeſſes his opinion of its imperfections, by ſaying that it is unworthy to "carye away commendation amongſt the better ſort of engliſh Poetes of our tyme: And indeede, it is a matter that I ſtryue nothing at all to attaine vnto: For if I did, I woulde frequent the meanes, which are

reading and practiſe, neyther whereof, I haue bene acquainted with to any purpoſe ſince the firſt three yeeres which I ſpent in the Innes of Chauncery: being now aboue a doſen of yeeres paſſed." His "Toucheſtone for this time preſent," publiſhed in 1574, ſhows that at that date he was married and ſettled in the country.

Of his progreſs in life no direct information has reached us. We firſt hear of him in 1567, by the entry in the Stationers' books of his "Newes out of Pavles Churcheyarde;" and that he had acquired, as early as 1573, by this work, and by his tranſlation of "The Imitation of Chriſt," (neither of which had been publiſhed later than 1568,) and probably by other literary productions, ſome celebrity as an author, is evidenced by his being introduced as a competent ſcholar and poet into a paſſage in "The Rewarde of Wickedneſſe," a poetical work, compoſed in imitation of the "Mirror of Magiſtrates," by Richard Robinſon of Alton, and publiſhed in the later of theſe years. In this very rare book, (a copy of which was found by the editor in company with the original of the preſent reprint, and ſo many other literary treaſures, in the now-famous lumber-room at Lamport Hall,) he is thus ſpoken of:—

> "Let Studley, Hake, or Fulwood take,
> That William hath to name,
> This piece of worke in hande, that bee
> More fitter for the ſame."

As this John Studley and William Fulwood, whoſe Chriſtian name is here ſo quaintly expreſſed, were both accompliſhed ſcholars — the former, who had been educated at Weſtminſter School and Trinity College, Cambridge, having transfuſed unuſual poetic power

into his tranſlation of the "Agamemnon" (publiſhed in 1566), and three other of Seneca's tragedies, beſides being the author of other pieces which excited the admiration of his contemporaries; and the latter having produced (in 1568) an ingenious work, which is alſo one of the firſt ſpecimens of a "Complete Letter-Writer," entitled "The Enimie of Idleneſſe," partly in proſe and partly in verſe, and which was popular enough to run through ſeveral editions—Hake's admiſſion into ſuch reſpectable company is a ſufficient proof of his having attained what he certainly deſerved, if only for his perſeverance and conſcientiouſneſs, a certain degree of notoriety as well as reputation.

About twenty years afterwards we find him Mayor of New Windſor, as the borough was then diſtinguiſhed from Old Windſor, and in that capacity, in 1586, pronouncing what is called "An Oration conteyning an Expoſtulation," on the occaſion of the birthday of Queen Elizabeth. Unfortunately, the Corporation accounts for Windſor, from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth till 1635, and the churchwardens' accounts until 1615, are loſt, but ſome extracts from them have been preſerved in Aſhmole's MSS. (No. 1126), now at Oxford, which have been made uſe of in the valuable work, entitled "Annals of Windſor," 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1861, by Meſſrs. Tighe and Davis. From theſe it appears that for many years Hake had diſcharged the duties of deputy-ſteward for Mr. John Reddiſh. In May, 1576, and in Sept. 1579, he had received the appointments to that office, though probably they were not carried out at the time; for he agreed to ſerve for ſeven years without fee, and afterwards (Sept. 1584) to be paid 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. On the 16th Sept.

1576, he was ſupplying the place of the recorder; and in June, 1578, he is deſcribed as one of the bailiffs.

In the 24th Eliz. (1581 or 2) he is paid 16*s.* "for drawing a Booke of Statutes & orders for this Towne," in endeavours to obtain a new Charter, which, however, was not granted till the commencement of the reign of James I. In the 27th Eliz. (1584 or 5) an act, hitherto unprinted, was paſſed for paving the town; and a new market-houſe was alſo propoſed; in all which movements, Hake, then Mayor, took an active part. On 7th Jan., 1585-6, he renewed the motion for the market-houſe.

On the 10th Auguſt, 1586 (28th Eliz.), "The Queen being at Windſor was received there in ſtate by the Corporation; when ſhe was addreſſed by Edward Hake, Mayor, and was preſented by him with a petition in writing, in behalf of the ſaid town." And on the 7th Sept. following, the Queen's birthday, he delivered in the Guildhall a long and laudatory oration. In return for both which loyal proceedings the Queen, on her departure from this town eleven weeks after, ſent him her gracious thanks.

On the 21ſt Dec., 1586 (29th Eliz.), we find that "at the pitifull Complaint of divers of the Commonalty of this Towne for the redreſs of the ſmalnes of the market buſhell, Edward Hake, gentleman, then Maior, travailed to Greenewich and thence to Weſtminſter divers journies till he found the Clearke of the Market, carrying with him the brazen Gallon, and obteyned the amending of the Buſhell."

On the 10th Oct., 1588, (30th Eliz.) Hake was elected (his colleague being Henry Neville, Eſq.), a Member for Windſor to the Parliament ſummoned for the 12th

Nov. This dignity he enjoyed but a ſhort time; the Parliament being diſſolved the 29th March following: nor was he re-elected. What part he took in the debates is unknown, the Commons' Journals between the 18th March, 1580-1, and 19th March, 1603-4, being wanting; neither does any parliamentary ſpeech of his appear elſewhere. In Browne Willis's Notitia Parliamentaria his name is miſprinted Huke. The laſt that we hear of him is in 1604, when was publiſhed his "Golds Kingdome," including alſo an oration, intended to have been delivered at Windſor, to King James I. ſhortly after his acceſſion. Whether Hake filled any office at this time is uncertain; nor have I been able to trace the date of his death or his place of burial.

Whatever rank our author may now hold as a writer, it is certain that he poſſeſſed ſufficient literary talent, combined with more worldly-wiſe qualifications, to enable him to riſe in the world. But after all, his ſteady advance from the poor poſition of a practitioner of the law to the dignified one of Mayor of a royal borough, as well as its parliamentary repreſentative, can only be explained by the fact of his having obtained ſome powerful patron who found it to his own intereſt to forward that of his protégé, and this advantage we know Hake poſſeſſed in the perſon of the great Earl of Leiceſter, to whom he dedicates the preſent work. And that this eminent and ambitious nobleman ſhould ſhow favour to a man like Hake, whoſe talents and religious feelings had been openly diſplayed in his firſt publication is not at all remarkable. Leiceſter, from politic rather than, it is to be preſumed, from religious conſiderations, had put himſelf forward as the head and protector of the Puritan party, and to promote his and their views it was neceſſary to obtain the ſervices of agents diſtin-

guiſhed both for energy and ability. In Hake they found combined moſt of the qualities required in a religious partizan, namely, literary ſkill, fearleſſneſs, profound religious convictions, a rabid hatred of Papiſts, and irrepreſſible activity. Theſe qualifications, not often poſſeſſed by the ſame individual, pointed him out as the very man for Leiceſter's purpoſe, for it is difficult to conceive that many men could be found, who though enjoying the preſent protection of ſo powerful a ſtateſman would wantonly raiſe up a hoſt of enemies in all claſſes of ſociety by violently attacking not only their vices and follies (which from being a general charge might have been paſſed over with contempt) but, what was altogether unpardonable, their religious faith,—without a deep-ſeated conviction that they were advancing the cauſe of morality and truth, and without an innate courage which would enable them to ſet conſequences at defiance.

But whatever might have been the intereſted motives of Leiceſter and Burghley in advocating the claims of the Puritans,—and their ſpoliation of Church property might give ſome ſort of clue to them,—England undoubtedly owes them a deep debt of gratitude for their oppoſition to the encroachments of the Roman Catholics. And this conduct is the more praiſeworthy when we recollect that not only was the Queen ſuſpected of no very violent averſion to the tenets of the Roman Catholic church, but that her hoſtility to the Puritans was evinced on every poſſible occaſion. Moreover it was high time that ſome perſons of high official influence ſhould interpoſe for the ſake of advancing the progreſs of morality by giving an impetus to proteſtant teaching. The aſſertions of Hake, in ſeveral of his works, particularly in his "Touchestone for this Time preſent," are

confirmed by many contemporary writers; and in our own day, (to cite no others,) Mr. Marſden, in his "Hiſtory of the Puritans," thus alludes to it: "The ſtate of England in regard to moral and religious culture was at this time deplorable. The number of the Romiſh clergy who had reſigned their preferments at the Reformation appears almoſt incredibly ſmall. Including biſhops, abbots, heads of colleges, and other dignitaries, as well as the beneficed clergy, no writer can muſter up two hundred and fifty: Biſhop Burnet reduces them to one hundred and ninety-nine; and D'Ewes's 'Journal,' a ſtill better authority, to one hundred and ſeventy-ſeven —a number altogether inſignificant when diſtributed among the ten thouſand pariſhes of England and Wales. It would be ſomething more than charity to ſuppoſe that ſuch numbers of the Romiſh clergy accommodated themſelves at once to a change ſo great and ſudden without violence to their conſciences." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that ſo ſtrong a partizan as Hake ſhould expreſs himſelf with ſo much vehemence againſt a ſtate of things which he knew to be fraught with danger to Proteſtantiſm and Proteſtants.

Without claiming for Hake any higher rank as a poet than that of an eaſy rhymeſter, who was able to clothe ſenſible common-places in the trappings of verſe, we may ſtill, I think, without impropriety, aſſign to him the merit of being one of our *earlieſt profeſſed Satiriſts*. This controverts the aſſertion of Thomas Warton, who, from the nature of his poetic taſtes, leant more to the ſplendid ſcenes deſcribed by the poets of chivalry, romance, and love, than to the more homely pictures of domeſtic life and manners, drawn, as theſe were for the moſt part, by verſifiers inferior to their poetic rivals in

genius and learning, no leſs than in imagination and fancy. Nor ſhould this in any way ſurpriſe us. The higheſt order of poetic genius, whoſe vocation it is to depict ſcenes of the ſupernatural or romantic, the pictureſque and the beautiful—to elevate our common nature, and evolve its nobler qualities by a ſubtle exhibition of its capabilities for the heroic, the grand, and the good—and to ſoften us by its perfect control over the gentler paſſions and affections—revolts from waſting its powers and energies in the ſterile and ungrateful regions of Satire, the ſole objects of which are not the Elevated but the Degraded—a delineation of crimes unredeemed by noble extenuations—meanneſſes without the excuſe of neceſſity, and follies palliated by no ſpark of generoſity, brilliancy, or elegance.

To proceed: Warton aſſerts that "Satire, ſpecifically ſo called, did not commence in England till the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We have ſeen, indeed," continues he, "that eclogues and allegories were made the vehicle of ſatire, and that many poems of a ſatirical tendency had been publiſhed long ago. And here the cenſure was rather confined to the corruptions of the clergy than extended to popular follies and vices." He then goes on to ſay that "the firſt profeſſed Engliſh ſatiriſt, to ſpeak technically, is Biſhop Joſeph Hall," of whoſe ſatires he thinks ſo highly as to dedicate upwards of thirty pages to them.

But to this aſſertion of Hall's priority juſt exception may be taken, for he had been preceded by John Skelton, who died in 1529; by William Roy, author of "Rede me and be nott Wrothe," publiſhed in 1528; and by other writers many years before; as well as, and more recently by the elder Sir Thomas Wyatt, who died in 1542, and of

whom Thomas Warton himſelf, in another place, in his notice of this eminent man's works, declares, "that he may juſtly be deemed the firſt poliſhed Engliſh ſatiriſt, and that he miſtook his talents when, in compliance with the mode, he became a ſonnetteer," and of whom Dr. Joſeph Warton, in his eſſay on Alex. Pope, aſſerts that he was the firſt writer of ſatires worth notice; by GEORGE GASCOIGNE, who produced, in 1576, his "Steele Glas, a Satyre," laſhing man's vices and follies, and exhibiting what is perhaps more intereſting to us, a curious and valuable picture of the manners, life, and commercial morality of that age; by JOHN DONNE, a volume of whoſe ſatires in MS., dated 1593, is ſtill in exiſtence; and by THOMAS LODGE. To this latter celebrated author, indeed, Dr. Drake, in his valuable work, entitled "Shakeſpeare and his Times," erroneouſly aſcribes the honour of being the firſt who publiſhed in our language a collection of ſatires ſo named; the "Fig for Momus included in Satyres, Eclogues, etc.," according to him giving Lodge precedence as a writer of profeſſed ſatires. Yet theſe were not publiſhed till 1595, when he was about forty years of age. And further, the ſatirical works of Marſton, entitled "The Metamorphoſis of Pigmalions Image, and Certaine Satyres," as well as his "Scourge of Villanie," were printed in 1598. But an earlier *cenſor morum* was Robert Crowley, who publiſhed in 1550 his "One and Thyrtye Epigrammes" (really thirty-three), directed againſt as many abuſes current with the vulgar; and which, I think, induced Hake to fly at higher game in his "Newes." Crowley's work has juſt been edited by Mr. J. M. Cowper; but want of ſpace precludes further notice of it.

CHARLES EDMONDS.

Bull St., Birmingham, *July*, 1872.

ACCOUNT OF HAKE'S WORKS.

I.

NEWES OUT OF PAVLES CHURCHEYARDE, A TRAPPE FOR SYR MONYE, 1567.

Though no edition with this date is now extant, one undoubtedly then appeared. This is clear, not only from the author's own apologetic addreſs prefixed to the re-impreſſion in 1579, wherein he declares that he had originally publiſhed it twelve years before, and to uſe his own additional expreſſion, "firſt made and ſet forth, even as I maye ſaye in my childiſhe yeeres," but from the entry in the Stationers' Regiſter, under the date of 1567, where it is licenſed to Henry Denham; and Turberville's alluſion to it in a work publiſhed in 1568 is a further corroboration.

II.

NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCHYARDE.

Now newly renued and amplifyed according to the accidents of the preſent time, 1579. and otherwiſe entituled, ſyr Nummus. etc. Black Letter. [Octavo. 64 leaves.]

This is the edition now reprinted, and which on the evidence given above may without impropriety be deſignated the *ſecond* impreſſion. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, however, in his "Handbook," without adducing any authority for the aſſertion, curtly deſcribes it as the *third.*

But as this gentleman in his deſcription of the preceding edition ſubſtitutes "*ten*" for "twelve" years, it is plain that this part of his labours has not undergone ſuch a reviſion as ſo important a ſcience as Bibliography demands.

Only two copies are known; the one formerly in the poſſeſſion of Richard Heber, and Sir Charles Iſham's, at Lamport Hall.

The work conſiſts of a dialogue between Bertulph and Paul as they walk in the aiſle of the Cathedral, divided into eight Satyrs, levelled againſt the corruptions exiſting among the various claſſes of ſociety. The following is a liſt of their ſubjects:—

Satyr I. Complains that Sir Nummus had taken up his abode, not with induſtrious and conſcientious miniſters, but with biſhops, deans, &c.

Satyr II. Relates to the miſeries of ſuitors in courts of juſtice, to the corruption and partiality of judges, and to the greedineſs of counſel and attorneys.

Satyr III. Is devoted to the tricks and practiſes of phyſicians.

Satyr IV. Diſcourſes on the abuſes of apothecaries and ſurgeons, the ſumptuary laws then in force, and other topics.

Satyr V. Inveighs againſt extravagant living and conſequent bankruptcy, and unlawful ſunday ſports.

Satyr VI. Is, among other points, a proteſt againſt the uſe of St. Paul's Cathedral as a place of aſſignation and converſation, even during prayer.

Satyr VII. Makes an onſlaught upon bawds; alſo upon brokers who advance money to ſpendthrifts, making part of it conſiſt in goods, which the borrowers are obliged to ſell at a loſs.

Satyr VIII. Continues the ſame ſubject, againſt covetouſneſs and uſurers.

In addition to the information which the author, in the Addreſs to the Reader, gives concerning himſelf—as I have mentioned on a preceding page—John Long's Addreſs to "the Citie of London," prefixed, is curious as containing a liſt of ſome of Hake's works. All theſe can be identified with the exception of the firſt, which is deſignated, perhaps metaphorically, a "great conqueſt of ſinne." This was, probably, like the "Newes," a very early work; and like the original impreſſion of that production poſſibly every copy has periſhed. It might be aſſumed that by this expreſſion was meant the firſt iſſue of the "Newes;" but the way in which the work is ſpoken of in the laſt quatrain ſeems to negative this ſuppoſition. The addreſs alſo of "The Author to the Carping

and ſcornefull Sicophant" ſhows that he had recently triumphed over the malice of his enemies, and had attained the poſition he had long ſtriven for—probably the Under-Stewardſhip of New Windſor. The tone of this addreſs, replete with alluſions to himſelf, is ſo bitter as to demonſtrate that if the author could ſharply rebuke vice in the abſtract he was equally ready to attack from perſonal motives.

St. Paul's Cathedral was much injured by fire 4th June, 1561. A ſermon was preached at Paul's Croſs ſoon afterwards by Pilkington, Biſhop of Durham, in which he ſeverely blamed the profanation of the edifice by fighting, brawling, and aſſemblies of idle people. This occaſioned a libellous work by a Papiſt, entitled "An Addicion, with an Appologie, to the Cauſes of burnynge of Paules Church, the which Cauſes were vttered at Paules Croſſe by the reuerend Biſhop of Dureſme viii. Junii 1561;" which again was replied to by another tract, entitled "The burnynge of Paules Church in London in the yeare of oure Lord 1561;" wherein (ſign. Giiii.) we have the following remarks on the ſcandalous practices in the Cathedral:—"No place hais bene more abuſed than Pauls hais bene, nor more againſt the receyving of Chriſtes Goſpell: wherfore it is more marvaile that God ſpared it ſo longe, rather than that he overthrewe it nowe. From the toppe of the ſteple downe within the grounde no place hais bene free. From the toppe of the ſpire at Coronations, or other ſolemne triumphes, ſome for vain glory uſed to throw themſelves downe by a rope, and ſo killed themſelves vainly to pleaſe other mens eyes. At the battlementes of the Steple ſundrye times were uſed their popiſhe Antems to call upon their Goddes with torch and taper in the Eveninges. In the top of one of the pinacles is Lollers towre, where' manye an innocent ſoule hais bene by theym cruellye tormented and murthered. In the middeſt alley was their longe Cenſer reachinge from the roſe to the ground, as though the Holy Ghoſt came in their cenſing down in likenes of a Dove. On the Arches though commenly men complaine of wrong and delayed judgemente in Eccleſiaſticall cauſes, yet becauſe I wyll not judge by here ſaye I paſſe over it, ſavinge onely for ſuch as have bene condemned there by Annas and Caiphas for Chriſtes cauſe, as innocently as any Chriſtians coulde be. For their images hanged on every walle, pillar, and doore, with their pilgrimages and worſhippinge of them, I will not ſtand to rehearſe them, becauſe they can not be unknowen to all men that have ſeene London, or hearde

of them. Their maſſing and many altars wyth the reſt of their Popyſhe ſervyce which he ſo much extolles, I paſſe over, becauſe I aunſwered them afore. *The South Alley* for Uſurye and Poperye, *the North for Simony*, and *the Horſe faire* in the middeſt for all kind of bargains, metinges, brawlinges, murthers, conſpiracies, and *the Font* for ordinary paimentes of money, are ſo well knowen to all menne as the begger knowes his diſhe." The Simony and chaffering for Benefices, ſlightly alluded to above is more particularly deſcribed in the Satires of Biſhop Hall; "Virgidemiarum," Lib. ii. Sat. 7, Lond. 1597. Chaucer, in the Prologues to his Canterbury Tales, when deſcribing the *Parſon*, has an evident alluſion to the ſame thing.

Several other publications appeared on the ſame ſubject, but none of them were effectual; and the nave of the church continued for many years afterwards the reſort of perſons who had nothing elſe to do, and who met there to diſcuſs the news of the day, or for leſs innocent purpoſes. But this profanation of the church was an old grievance, for, according to Rymer's Fœdera, as early as A.D. 1371, the forty-fifth year of Edward III., we find the King complaining to the Biſhop of London of many abuſes in his cathedral, which were practiſed with the Biſhop's connivance; that the refectory of the canons was become the eating-place and office of mechanics and the lurking-place and receptacle of whoremongers (*hodiè facta ſunt Cœnacula et Triſtega Mechanicorum, ac multa Penetralia conductitia et Receptacula Scortatorum*) etc. He alſo denounces other enormities which, he ſays, royal decency forbids him to particularize. See Dugdale's "Hiſtory of St. Paul's," wherein it is alſo mentioned that King Charles I. erected at his own charge, at the weſt end of the church, "that moſt magnificent and ſtately portico, with Corinthian pillars, which was intended to be an ambulatory for ſuch as uſually by walking in the body of the church diſturbed the ſolemn ſervice in the quire."

This profanation of the ſacred edifice is alſo alluded to in the humourous tracts of Thomas Dekkar. In his "Dead Terme, or Weſtminſter's Complaint for Long Vacations and Short Termes," 4to. London, 1608, St. Paul's ſteeple is introduced as deſcribing the company walking in the body of the church beneath:—"At one time, in one and the ſame ranke, yea, foote by foote, and elbow by elbow, ſhall you ſee walking, the Knight, the Gull, the Gallant, the Upſtart, the Gentleman, the Clowne, the Captaine, the Appel-Squire, the Lawyer, the Uſurer, the Cittizen, the

Bankerout, the Schollar, the Beggar, the Doctor, the Ideot, the Ruffian, the Cheater, the Puritan, the Cutthroat, the Hye-Men, the Low-Men, the True Man, and the Thiefe; of all Trades and Profeſſions ſome, of all Countryes ſome. Thus, whilſt Devotion kneeles at her Prayers doth Profanation walke under her noſe in contempt of Religion." In the ſame author's "Gul's Horne-book," 4to. London, 1609, we have a whole chapter on "How a gallant ſhould behave himſelfe in Powles-Walkes."

This making, however, of St. Paul's Cathedral a place of public reſort may be accounted for by the abſence, in thoſe times, of convenient places of aſſembly—a want which ſeems never to have attracted the attention it deſerved. Our anceſtors contented themſelves with grumbling inſtead of remedying defects. So little, too, was the real public welfare underſtood, that in the year 1580, Queen Elizabeth, on the plea that the exceſſive increaſe of the City of London was a detriment to other towns, iſſued a proclamation forbidding any new buildings to be erected within three miles of the gates of the city, upon pain of impriſonment of the builders, and forfeiture of the materials.

III.

THE SLIGHTS OF WANTON MAYDES.

This tract of Hake's, which is mentioned by John Long in his verſes prefixed to "Newes out of Powles Churchyarde," is apparently not now extant. An alluſion ſeems to be made to it by George Turberville in his "Plaine Path to perfect Vertue," 1568, in the following paſſage; which at the ſame time, proves that the "Newes" had come out anterior to that date:—

> I neither write the Newes of Poules,
> Of late ſet out to ſale,
> Nor Meting of the London Maides,
> For now that fiſh is ſtale.

On this ſubject Mr. Payne Collier, in his Bibliographical Catalogue, obſerves: the fact is that "A mery metynge of Maydes in London" had been entered by H. Denham in 1567, and an anſwer to it, under the title of "A letter ſente by the Maydes of London to the vertuous Matrons," was regiſtered in the ſame year: their popularity perhaps induced Turberville to ſay that the "fiſh" (i.e. *Hake*) was then "ſtale."

Or it may be intended for a work licenſed to W. Griffith, in 1566, entitled "A mooſte delectable cõference betwene the wedde lyfe and the ſingle. By Henry Hake." It is poſſible that Henry may be an error for Edward, as the entering-clerks at Stationers' Hall in thoſe early times were both ignorant and careleſs, frequently obſcuring matters extremely intereſting to a literary poſterity.

IV.

THE IMITATION, OR FOLLOWING OF CHRIST, AND THE CONTEMNING OF WORLDLY VANITIES: At the firſt written by Thomas Kempiſe, a Dutchman, amended and poliſhed by Sebaſtianus Caſtalio, an Italian; and Engliſhed by E. H. Seene and allowed, &c. Dedicated to Thomas duke of Norfolk. H. Denham, 1567. [Octavo.]

This title is copied from Herbert's edition of Ames's "Typographical Antiquities." A copy of the above impreſſion was ſold at the White Knights ſale, No. 2248, for 12*s.*; and at Heber's, pt. 1, for 6*s.* 6*d.*; but I have not been able to ſee it, nor do I know its preſent poſſeſſor.

It has been aſſerted that an edition appeared in 1584, and alſo that another without date exiſts; but both theſe ſtatements ſeem to be without authority.

V.

THE IMITATION OR FOLLOWING OF CHRIST, AND THE CONTEMNING OF WORLDLY VANITIES: Wherevnto, as ſpringing out of the ſame roote, we haue adioyned another pretie treatiſe, entituled, The perpetuall reioyce of the Godly, euen in this lyfe. Epheſians. 5. Be ye followers of God as deere children, and walke in loue, euen as Chriſt hath loued vs, &c. Seene and

allowed according to the order appointed Anno. 1568. Imprinted at London by Henry Denham. Black Letter. [Octavo.]

The name of the tranſlator, Edward Hake, appears at the end of the Dedication to "Thomas Duke of Norfolke, Earle Marſhall of Englande," &c. The arms of this nobleman, a lion rampant, ſurrounded by the garter, are accompanied by the following verſes :—

"Iſt Lyons force that Rampaunt yeeldes the ſame?
Or Norfolkes grace that beares the worthy minde?
Iſt Princely race that brings the crowne of fame?
Or due deſert that hath the ſame aſſignde?
Sole Prince, ſole Duke, ſole paterne of renoune,
Tis great Iehoue that yeeldes immortall crowne.

Like as the Lyon, rampaunt, doth
deſcrie his worthy force,
So Norfolkes grace by conſtant life
portendeth great remorſe."

This nobleman was the fourth duke, and ſon of that brilliant and unfortunate Henry, Earl of Surrey—one of the brighteſt ornaments of the Houſe of Howard—whoſe iniquitous execution, which took place January 21, 1547, during the lifetime of his father, was the laſt tyrannical act of Henry VIII. Nor was the above fourth Duke, Surrey's ſon, who ſucceeded his grandfather, July 18, 1554, more happy in his end than his father, for, being attainted of high treaſon for his communication with Mary, Queen of Scots, he was beheaded on June 2, 1572, aged only 35; when all his honours became forfeited. This nobleman was not, like moſt of his family, a Roman Catholic, at leaſt ſo he declared at the place of execution, where he ſaid, "I have not been popiſhly inclined ever ſince I had any taſte for religion; but was always averſe to the popiſh doctrine, and embraced the true religion of Jeſus Chriſt, and put my whole truſt in the blood of Chriſt, my bleſſed Redeemer and Saviour. Yet I muſt own that ſome of my ſervants and acquaintance were addicted to the Romiſh religion." This may account for ſo determined a Proteſtant as Hake having dedicated the above work to him. Yet a few years after Hake found a new and more powerful patron in the perſon of the Earl

of Leiceſter, the determined but ſecret enemy of the Duke of Norfolk, who owed his ruin to the inſidious advice of his rival. Nor was his eldeſt ſon, Philip Earl of Arundel, more fortunate, for he alſo fell a victim to the artifices of Leiceſter and Walſingham, dying after trial for high treaſon in confinement in the Tower, 19th November, 1595, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. A youthful portrait of the above-named Duke, by Holbein, is publiſhed in Chamberlaine's edition of "Holbein's Portraits of the Court of Henry VIII."

The copy of this work in the Britiſh Muſeum had been ſucceſſively in the poſſeſſion of Humphrey Chambers, 1656, of W. Herbert, and of the late Duke of Suſſex. The firſt treatiſe conſiſts of A—T in eights, but leaf B iv is wanting. The ſecond extends from A to D iv in eights. Included are (to fill up the ſheet) "Florentii Voluſani Ode," and other verſes. A fine copy of this edition, in morocco, was ſold for 4*l.* 8*s.* in Dr. Bliſs's ſale.

VI.

A TOUCHESTONE FOR THIS TIME PRESENT, expreſly declaring ſuch ruines, enormities, and abuſes as trouble the Churche of God and our Chriſtian common wealth at this daye. Wherevnto is annexed a perfect rule to be obſerued of all Parents and Scholemaiſters, in the trayning vp of their Schollers and Children in learning. Newly ſet foorth by *E. H.* Imprinted at London by Thomas Hacket, and are to be ſolde at his Shop at the greene Dragon in the Royall Exchange. 1574. [Black Letter. Octavo.]

The copy of this curious work in the Bodleian Library ſeems to be the only one known. It conſiſts of 52 leaves. After the title, and occupying three leaves, begins on A 2 an "Epiſtle dedicatorie," in proſe: "To his knowne friende mayſter Edward Godfrey Merchaunt." Then follows on ſheet B, ending on reverſe of E 2, "A Toucheſtone for this time preſent," in proſe; and after this "A Compendious fourme of Education," etc., "gathered into Engliſhe meeter by Edward Hake," which begins on E 3, and concludes at

the end of ſheet G. This laſt part is an abridged tranſlation of a Latin tract, "De pueris ſtatim ac liberaliter inſtituendis."

The rarity of this work and the nature of its contents muſt be my excuſe for the length of the extracts.

"Looke what is good, the ſame wee deride, contempne & refuſe, and contrariwiſe, whatſoeuer is euil, if it bring eyther pleaſure or profite, the ſame doo we wiſhe for, purſue and embrace: Auarice, wee account good & honeſt deſire: Uſury (the sōne of Auarice) we account lawful trade: Exceſſe we cal bountie: whoredom, pleaſure: ſwearing, Jolity: pride, Brauery: deceipt, policy: robbing, ſhifting: and (what ſhould I more ſay) vice we account vertue, & vertue preciſe fooliſhneſſe. We ſeeke for new faſhions, we deſire new lawes, new rules and newe orders, and yet no man (al this while) hath minde of a newe life; no man ſeeketh to renewe the ſame, nor yet to amend the olde." (Sig. B.)

In this ſtrain the author proceeds till he enters upon the real grievance, which is, (as might be expected,) the Papiſts, in the following abuſive terms:—

"And ſo the Temple of God, the Lordes houſe, Chriſt his Congregation, the very true ſpouſe of our ſaviour, lyeth ruinous, al to rent & deformed. Alas, no faith, is left to faſten the worke to the corner ſtone, no moiſture remaineth to knip vp the frame with the foundation, Chriſt Jeſus, our only rocke, our only foundatiō, our only head and chiefe corner ſtone. Loue is cold, faith is dead: trueth is naught ſet by. And that ſame ſmal number which would faine bee doing in the daungerous worcke, are eyther daunted by their enemies, or diſcouraged by their felowes: The zeale of Ioſiah is gon, & Demas triumpheth: Amaſiah & Diotriphes doo beare vp their villanous breaſts againſt the Lord & his people: Demetrius is buſy, & Simon Magus doeth floriſhe: that hard it is to thinke whether the number is greater of feareful ſouldiers, faint workmen, & feeble Chriſtians, or the boldnes of the aduerſary more vniuerſal, or in tirāny more aboūding. How rageth, how roareth, how thundreth, howe threateth, how whiſpereth, how braggeth ye Babilonical ſtrumpet, ye Romiſh Dragō, that bloodthirſty Ciclops, Minotaure, & horrible mōſter: how buſtle her couetus chāpions: howe ſwel her vilanous rable of rakehel Termagants: how rage beyond ye ſeas her bloody Biſhops: how crake the crew of her coalequēchy Cardinals: whoſe deſtructiō & horrible fal, although I know to aproche, & to be as it were begoon: Yet I do lament (& ſo may al true Engliſh hearts)

that our ſinnes are ſo greeuous, as by the occaſion thereof, the lord doth deny in the time of ſo chaſt, ſo wiſe, ſo godly, zelous, & ſo learned a Prince (as is our moſt drad ſoueraigne Ladye *Queene Elizabeth*, whoſe life with ioyned harts & hands let vs cry, cry vnto ye Lord to lengthen) within this Realme of Englād tobring to perfectiō that which he hath begon: to aboliſh from her people al remnants of popery, & to ſupplant the hipocritical & vnlearned miniſterye." (Sheet B 4 recto.)

After deploring the decay of "thoſe true workmen, who were ſo ſtout, ſo zealous, ſo artifitial, & ſo wiſe," he contraſts them with their ſucceſſors, the greateſt part of whom (he ſays), "are more careful in building of Pluralities, Trialities, Totquots, and Non reſidens, than in furthring of this ſacred, ſpiritual and diuine Temple of the Lorde."

He accuſes a great number of them of inordinate eating & drinking; "epicuryous in the hamperyng of theyr owne bodies," but neglectful of their flocks. He goes on thus: "Yea, I woulde to God, that the number were not great of ſuche Godleſſe Hipocrites, ſuche vnlearned loyterers, and verye pieuiſhe pelting Paraſites, which for liuing ſake haue intruded and thruſt them ſelues into the Church: who, if they were not cloathed with the counterfaite title of bountiful houſekeepers, ſhoulde haue nothing at al wherewith to couer their blockiſhneſſe, nor to hide their blindneſſe, nor to cloake theyr lewdeneſſe and trecherye: whereby they ſhoulde incurre the iuſt reward of their naughtines, euen ignominy and reproche." (B 7.)

"Would God (I ſaye) that the holye houſe were not peſtered at this daye with ſuch hipocrites and damnable ſort of luſkiſh loytering Lubbers, who (notwithſtanding their great blockiſhneſs their palpable ignorance & extreme want of learning) doo keepe within their clāmes the liuelyhood of true paſtors, and painful laborers: which ſuſtaine Ruffiās, to begger miniſters: which maintaine routes of rakehel Roiſters, to decreaſe the nūber of honeſt poore chriſtians: which not only thēſelues are contented to ſtop the roomes of learned preachers, but alſo deuiſhly doo bring in moſt horrible crewes of curſed Chaplins, & notorious numbers of monſtrous vnlearned Sicophants, which take the fleece, & ſtarue the flocke:" etc.

He then goes on to accuſe civil magiſtrates of coldneſs in God's work, of ſupport of "falſe worckemen, curſed hyrelinges, and profeſſed enemyes to the trueth." He deplores alſo the evils ariſing

from feeble diſcipline, which is "a vizare vnto feareful Magiſtrates, and a prepoſterous ſhift vnto partial Judges."

Here is a reference to the perils incurred by the denouncer of ſuch iniquities: "Who is not afraid and loath" (ſays he) "to diſpleaſe? yea, and (that worſe is) who dareth to ſpeake and is not puniſhed? who ſinneth and is not pardoned? Alas, ſo mightely preuayleth ſinne at this daye, that as wee wil not ſay, that to ſinne, it is not dangerous: ſo, muſt wee needes ſaye and affyrme, that to bee an accuſar of ſinne and wickedneſſe, is the moſt daungerous thing in the world." He then alludes to ſome matter of this kind, which he ſays "is ſo freſh amongſt ſome, that it cannot be forgotten."

But his attacks on parents for negligence in the education of their children, are equally vehement. "Children" (he ſays) "by nature are euyll, and being euyll, they are by example of Parentes made worſe. No loue towardes God, no honour of children to their Parentes, nor feare of Parentes in their Children is ſought for, had, or regarded at all. If I ſhould ſpeak of the educatiõ of daughters, (wherof in this third place I ſhould writ) the verye Pagans, Infidels, and Turckes, woulde ſtand vp againſt vs. I can not tell whether through ſorrowe, I ſhoulde crye out and bewayle them, or for ſhame commit them to ſcilence: ſo immoderate in apparell, ſo laſciuious in talke, ſo bolde in behauiour, and ſo vnſeemely in ieſture is the vniuerſall ſtate, almoſt as well of wiues as of damoſels. And that which moſt of all ſhould be regarded: I meane the prouident care of parents ouer their daughters in their young and tender years: that is altogither neglected and ſet a ſyde. No ſooner is the daughter of age of vnderſtanding, but ſhee ſtraightwaye and therewithall learneth the highe path to whoredome, and the principles of vanity and lewdeneſſe. Eyther ſhee is altogither kept from exerciſes of good learning, and knowledge of good letters, or elſe ſhe is ſo nouſeled in amorous bookes, vaine ſtories and fonde trifeling fancies, that ſhee ſmelleth of naughtineſſe euen all hir lyfe after, as a veſſel which being once ſeaſoned, doth neuer forgo the ſent of the firſt licour."

He then contraſts them, to their diſadvantage of courſe, with many Pagan ladies and early Chriſtians. "But even" (continues he) "that ſame ſmall number which haue anye knowledge at all, doe ſo greatlye abuſe it, that much better were it they ſhoulde vnlearne that againe which they haue alreadie learned, then miſerably to abuſe it as they doo, or at the leaſte wiſe (as we ſee them)

to make equalle Pamphetícall trifles with wholeſome Doctrine and tryall of lyfe." (C. v.)

He complains that after reading "pernicious, vmchaſte and godleſſe bookes," they accompany in pleaſures and banquets, "young amorous Roiſters, & miſchieuous varlettes," etc. "On the other ſyde, it is to be lamented (as a caſe too too grieuous) ſuch parents as doe bring vp their daughters in learning, do it to none other ende but to make them companions of carpet knightes & giglots, for amorous louers. If their intent were otherwiſe, how woulde they dare ſo ouer curiouſly, and carefully to maintaine and keepe them, at the leaſt wiſe to wincke at them (as they almoſt euery where doe) in that vaine & vngodly practiſe of daunſing? vaine & vngodly I ſay, only in reſpect of the preſent abuſe of the ſame, which the very Pagans at all times and in all ages abhorred. . . O good God, ſayth a certaine writer, what ſhaking, what bragging, what wringing of handes, what whiſperings, what treading vpon the toes, what vncleanly handlings, gropings, kiſſings, and a very kindling of lecherye, doth their aſſotiate that trade and occupation of daunſing? . . There was neuer heard of any that could hop, ſkip, & tourne on the toe (as they terme it) that would ſcarcely come to y^e^ church without carying. . . And it is a world to ſee, with what demurenes, ſome that bee Parentes doo fit in beholding the ſtraunge Jeſtures, footing and countenaunce of theyr curious fantaſtical Daughters: yea, oftentimes, when the ſelfe ſame ſkill is the cauſe of defiling theyr bodyes and vtter loſſe of theyr honeſtye and good name."

But, "after ſhee hath once attayned Vnto the knowledge of Daunſing, ſhee neuer afterward returneth backe to better thinges, ſhee quite and cleane forſaketh vertue, and for the moſt part, biddeth honeſty adewe. Then ſhee muſt haue ſcope, then ſhee muſt haue her apparel after the faſhion, then ſhee muſt haue paintings, Lickinges, Combings, Playtinges, Pitchinges, and all kinde of newe faſhioned Trimminges: yea, then ſhee muſt haue walkinges, Feaſtinges, and watchinges, and al kinde of pleaſure that maketh perfect the trade of a ſtrumpet."

He then compares, again to our diſadvantage, our marriage ceremonies with thoſe of the Egyptians, the Maſſagetes who lived in "Tubbes and Tunnes (wives & daughters, ſons & fathers together), the Bragmans," etc., followed by bitter complaints of the bad bringing up of ſons, of the unneceſſary licenſe given them when children—"the ouer great neiſhnes and dilicacye that by

Parentes is infuſed into their little ſonnes"—their contempt of ſuperiors and exceſs of apparel—"their malapart boldnes and libertye," and proneneſs to quarrelling & fighting.

He then, in a ſtrain of conſiderable eloquence, calls upon his country as "thou Realme of Englande, thou olde Briutiſh Nation, whome ſometimes Forrein Peoples haue honoured for thy pietye," —to contraſt her bleſſings and peaceable ſtate with thoſe of neighbouring nations—to remember the goodneſs of God and Chriſt—to bring up children in a better manner, etc.; and thus leads up to what was, perhaps, his primary object in writing the book—the ſecond part of it, entitled, "A COMPENDIOUS FOURME OF EDUCATION."

As the Epiſtle Dedicatory contains perſonal alluſions not found elſewhere, I have ventured to tranſcribe it in full; but, before doing ſo, I will make a remark on a ſubject which will no doubt ſtrike every reader—namely, the ludicrous irregularity in the orthography of certain words. This is common to moſt books of the period; but here we have "plees" and "place," to deſignate the ſame thing, within twenty words of each other; beſides "their" and "theyr," and numerous other variations. When this is the caſe with works, which were no doubt, to ſome extent, ſuperintended by their authors through the preſs, how can we wonder at the defects in the quarto plays of Shakeſpeare, which were ſurreptitiouſly executed? I ſay "to ſome extent," for every one converſant with ſuch matters is aware how often the matured orthography of an author is altered by the caprice or conceit of the compoſitor.

"To Maiſter Iohn Harlowe his approoued friende.

"After that the right honourable the Lord Chiefe Iuſtice of the common plees had permitted vnto me the othe of an Attourney, thereby admitting me into the number of Attourneys in the common place, it was perſwaded vnto me by certain good friends of mine, for that the name of an Attourney in the common place is now adayes growen into contempt, whether in reſpect of the multitude of thē, whiche is great beſides an huge rable of Pettipractizers, or rather Petifoggers, diſperſed into euerye corner of this Realme, or whether in reſpect of their looſe and lewde dealinges, which are manifolde, Or whether in both thoſe reſpectes I knowe not: I ſay, it was for this cauſe perſwaded vnto me, to dedicate a litle time wholy and altogether to my profeſſed ſtudies of the common Lawes, that I might therby the better enable my ſelfe to do good in that calling. Wherevpon, reſoluing my ſelfe determinately to

followe that purpoſe, I thought it conuenient to ſeclude from me all thoſe forreine exerciſes which might any wayes ſeeme to repugne, or to be (as it were) *a propoſito aliena*.

"But (as in thoſe my ſtudies prefixed) being tied vnto ſolytarineſſe in the Countrey, which for my lot, hath hapned vnto me by mariage, after a while I perceiued that, wanting (as I there did) the benefite of mine accuſtomed conference, it was impoſſible for me, without ſome exerciſe of the minde to cõtinue, or with profite to go forwarde in the ſame. In which reſpect, I contented my ſelfe (betwixt whiles and for recreation ſake) to reſort vnto mine accuſtomed exerciſe, but ſo, as (if it might be) ſome profite might redound thereof vnto others.

"And happening by good lucke vpon a certaine Latine booke intituled, *De pueris ſtatim ac liberaliter inſtituendis*, I gathered compendiouſly out of the ſame, (as not being able to allowe my ſelfe time enough from my ſaid ſtudies, to accompliſh the part of a Tranſlatour) ſuch certaine ſummary documents as might ſeeme ſufficient to frame an orderly and good forme of education; which alſo I haue turned into Engliſh meter, and that for theſe two cauſes eſpecially: Firſt, for that proſe requireth a more exact labour then meeter doth, and could not haue been enterpriſed without going through the whole booke, whervnto my ſmall allowaunce of time (as is aforeſayde) coulde not be aunſwerable. Secondly, becauſe meeter vnto the vnlearned (whom I heartily wiſh to be followers of this booke) doth ſeeme a great deale more pleaſaunt then proſe, and doth mitigate (as it were) the harſhnes of the matter.

"Which litle booke I do offer vnto you (my approued friend) as a token of my good wyll, in whom, as in my ſelfe, I do perceiue a ſpecial loue not onely vnto this, but alſo vnto euery other good forme of education: as being trained vp (together with me your poore ſcholefellow) with the inſtructions of that learned and exquiſite teacher *Maiſter Iohn Hopkins*, that worthy Schoolemaiſter, nay rather, that moſt worthy parent vnto all children committed to his charge of education: Of whoſe memory if I ſhould in ſuch an oportunity as this is, be forgetful, I might iuſtly be accompted the moſt vnthankefull perſon in the world, conſidering that I haue franckly taſted of his goodnes in this behalfe: that (if it be not vnſeemely ſo to wiſhe) would to God I had liued at his feete euen dayes and yeres longer then I did. But to returne, in reſpect onely of good wyll and loue, I ſend vnto you theſe few quaiers, praying you to accept the ſame in equal part, reſorting indifferentlye

vnto the conſideration of thoſe common affections of loue, which are wont rather patiently to beare reproche, than any wayes to lye hyd and vnknowen vnto the party ſo beloued. Wherein I reſt.

"Your owne aſſuredlye EDWARDE HAKE."

This work is, as is ſpecified, a collection of directions for the education of youth, carried on in a ſeries of lively dialogues between Philopas and Chriſippus. It abounds in ſenſible remarks, and, as might be expected, in ſevere denunciations of the folly of parents. I have room for a few ſtanzas only :—

"They pinche and crooke their bodies in,
the little corps they ſtraine
With garments far vnmeete ſuch age,
and to be thought as vaine.
They cocke them vp with coates of pryde
they vſe them for their ſquires,
They make them Cockneies in their kind
and Apes in their attires.

* * * *

"Moreouer parents there be ſome
which when (in tender age)
They heare their children likde for ought,
they ſtreight their ſtate preſage.
This child ſaith one wil proue wel learnd :
then ſayth the father, ſure,
I will for him ſome Prebende or
ſome Prouoſtſhip procure.
Or elſe I truſt to ſee him riſe
to tipe of high degree :
To be ſome Judge, ſome man of lawe,
or man of dignitie."

VII.

A COMMEMORATION OF THE MOST PROSPEROUS AND PEACEABLE RAIGNE OF OUR GRATIOUS AND DEERE SOUERAIGNE LADY ELIZABETH BY THE

GRACE OF GOD OF ENGLAND, FRAUNCE AND IRELANDE, QUEENE &c. Now newly ſet foorth this .XVII. day of Nouember, beyng the firſt day of the .XVIII. yeere of her Maieſties ſayd Raigne. By Edw. Hake. Gent. Imprinted at London by William How, for Richard Johnes, dwellynge without Newgate, ouer agaynſt S. Sepulchers Churche. (1575.) Black Letter. [Octavo.] *Britiſh Muſeum.* (Grenville Collection.)

This work conſiſts of 20 leaves—A B in eights, and C in fours. A copy ſold at Perry's ſale for 11*l.* 11*s.*; at Sir Mark Sykes's for 12*l.* 12*s.*; and at Sotheby's, in 1857, for 13*l.* 13*s.* Heber's copy ſold for only 4*l.* 5*s.* This had been Bindley's, at whoſe ſale it produced 9*l.* 9*s.* It is reprinted by Thomas Park in his ſupplement to the Harleian Miſcellany, vol. ix. p. 123, *et ſeqq.*; but with a very inadequate notice of the author.

It is dated from Barnard's Inn, and dedicated "To the worſhipfull, his verie louing Cowſen M. Edwarde Eliotte Eſquier, the Queenes Maieſties Surueyour of all her Honours Manours, Landes and poſſeſſions within her highnes County of Eſſex." The Poem occupies fifteen pages, conſiſting of 384 lines in quatrains; followed by three pages of an addreſs, "To all the Queenes highnes moſt honourable Counſaylers," in ſeven-line ſtanzas. Then appears, in proſe, "A Meditation wherin the godly Engliſh geueth thankes to God for the Queenes Maieſties proſperous gouernment," etc. "which," ſays the author, "was imparted vnto mee by a learned and worſhipfull gentleman, very neceſſary to bee runne vnto in the end of our reivyſinge," &c. This occupies twelve pages, the lower half of the laſt one diſplaying a woodcut of the royal arms.

The author, in his Dedication, gives us to underſtand that he is induced by his couſin and a learned friend, to whom he had ſhewn his poem, to publiſh it, hoping thereby "to prouoke the pen of ſome renowned Homer, and to prepare the hearts of all her Highnes Subjectes to a farther and deeper conſideration of Gods exceeding and ſuperabundant mercies; that in the thankfulnes and ſinceritie of their hartes they might (not for one day ſuperſticiouſly, but for ever) kepe holy unto the Lord the commemoration of the moſt proſperous and peaceable raigne of the ſame our gracious and dere ſovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth."

In contraſting the quiet happineſs of England with the wars and miſeries prevailing in foreign countries, he thus ſpeaks:—

"Thine engliſh people, Lord, dwell ſafe:
with them doth peace abide,
With them doth liue a louing Quéene
who like a Mother raignes,
And like a choſen ſacred Impe
immortall glory gaines.
Her handes ſhée holdes not foorth to warre,
her hart doth reſt in peace:
Shée Joyes to ſee her peoples wealth
and wayles their harmes increaſe.
Thy goſpelles ſownde ſhée ſendes abroade:
ſhee ſtoppes no wholſome Spring:
But popiſhe Puddles dammes ſhée up
which noyſome humours bring."

This difference he attributes not to any tyrannical propenſity on the Queen's part, but to the influence of her milder virtues; and he thus compliments her on her perſonal charms:—

"Of fleſhe the feebleſt ſexe by kinde,
of face not Junos feere;
But mylde Suſanna in her lookes,
and Heſter in her cheere"

But ſhe is no leſs particular, according to him, in guarding popular rights and in diſpenſing ſtrict juſtice. His ſtout Proteſtantiſm, which is indeed conſpicuous in every piece he wrote, is again ſhown thus:—

"Before her raigne, bereft of peace,
bereft of outwarde joy,
Purſued to death by Romiſhe beaſtes,
ſtill ſeeking her annoy;
Whoſe foamy frothy murthrous jawes,
with ſtomacks ſtuft with guile,
Each day devis'd her graces death
and ſacred ſtate to foyle."

As ſhe has thus been bleſſed by Jehove, ſhe ſhould, he ſays, ever be

thankful; as well as for the benefits derived from good counſellors and upright judges. He then turns to the Church, praying that the Queen may, "with judgment ſound and pure, remoove from thence debate," as well as chooſe the beſt preachers; and, laſtly, exhorts her to redreſs the evils of the commonwealth, and remove unworthy diſpenſers of the law who are likely to give trouble in troublous times; thereby evidently glancing at judges with Popiſh proclivities.

In the courſe of his addreſs "to all the Queenes Highnes moſt honourable Counſaylers," he beſeeches them to beware of foreign fraud in the following ſenſible terms. The concluding couplet is worthy of being written in letters of gold; for how often has England not had occaſion to regret the non-obſervance of its advice:—

"Beware of forreign fraude, and falſe pretenſed love,
Accept good will, but ſecreat woorks prevent;
So joy [join?] in league, that cloſe compacts you prove,
So live in peace, as you to warre were bent;
Yeeld truſt, but try for feare ye do repent:
Geve heede to peace, but live not unpreparde,
The ſtrongeſt ſtate the longeſt time is ſparde."

He further calls upon them to purge ſociety of ſome of its groſſneſs; that being, as he thus deplores, beyond the power of his pen even adequately to deſcribe:—

"To tax the trades that wickedneſs findes out,
To touch the lives that lewdneſſe hath begonne,
To blaſe the pride that runnes the realme throughout,
To preach the ſpoyles that private gaine hath wonne,
To ſhew the ſhiftes that poore men have undone,
O noble wightes! and honourable all;
No pen of mine hath force or ever ſhall"

His hatred to Roman Catholics is ſhown on every poſſible occaſion, as thus in the penultimate ſtanza; he evidently conſidering them at the bottom of all the troubles of the time:—

"Herein the bloody papiſts do conſpire,
And begging broodes of bankrupts in their kind
Do take the courſe to ſet our peace on fire,
By fawning force a filthy fetch to finde,
A few to raiſe with riches ill aſſign'd;
Though thouſands thence do reap their endleſſe neede,
Whence hate for love in conſequence doth breede,

"Herein, to fine, the feweſt ſortes do right,
Herein the lawes that godlyneſs have fixt,
Herein, the peace appearing in our ſight,
By private heades with wickedneſs are mixt;
And this our peace hath dangers drawne betwixt.
Herein, therefore, to finde redreſſe with ſpeede
Shall make your names 'true noble' ſtill indeede!
In moſt humble wiſe,

EDWARD HAKE."

VIII.

A IOYFULL CONTINUANCE OF THE COMMEMORATION OF THE MOST PROSPEROUS AND PEACEABLE REIGNE OF OUR GRATIOUS AND DEARE SOUERAIGNE LADY ELIZABETH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD OF ENGLANDE, FRAUNCE, AND IRELANDE QUEENE. . . . Nowe newly enlarged with an exhortation applyed to this preſent tyme. Set foorth this XVII day of Nouember beyng the fyrſt day of the XXI yeere of her maieſties ſaid reigne. By Edw. Hake Gent. Hereunto is added a Thankeſgiuing of the godly for her Maieſties proſperitie hitherto; with an earneſt deſire of the long continuance of the ſame to Gods glory and our comfort. Imprinted at London by Richard Iohnes, and are to be ſould at his ſhop without Newgate [1578]. [Octavo. 24 leaves.]

Of this work only one copy is known, which is preſerved in the Library of Lambeth Palace. It is perfect with the exception of A i, that being the title-page. The bulk of the book conſiſts of a reprint of the "Commemoration" printed in 1575. The following is the collation:—Title, 1 page. An Exhortation to all the Queenes Maieſties faythful and obedient Subiects, conſideratly to be peruſed of the ſame." 7 pp. (A 1-4) finiſhing with this

notice:—"The Printer to the Reader. By following of the old copy (gentle Reader) of Anno. 18. of her M. raigne, there is a fault eſcaped in the accompt of this preſent 21. yeere: which with thy pen, I pray thee amende, viz. in the fift Leafe for 17. reade 20. and for 18. (in the margent of that leafe) reade 21." Then follows the "Commemoration" as in the former edition; A—C iv.

But the above-named error is not the only one connected with the date of this work, which has been aſſigned by bibliographers, who ſeldom verify dates on ſtrict chronological principles, to the year 1579; but as the twenty-firſt year of Q. Elizabeth's reign commenced 17 November, 1578, it ſhould properly bear this latter date.

The following ſeems the only extract worth quoting, as it has perſonal applications:—

"It was in my mynde to haue continued a yeerely remembraunce of the premiſſes, at ſuch tyme as I fyrſt ſet foorth this ſayd Pamphlet, being then the xviij. yeere of her Maieſties reigne: or at the leaſt, to haue continued the ſame vntil ſome good wryter had bin knowen to haue dipped his penne in this kynde of Argument: But (much to my trouble, and litle to my comfort) I haue bene helde backe by other buſineſſes occaſioned neceſſarily, though not profitablie, in ye vocation wherein I liue. And the tyme being now inſtant, wherein theſe thyngs ought rather to be put foorth, then enterpriſed and begonne, I am conſtrayned with griefe of mynde, to leave vndone that which I haue bene hytherto as deſirous to accompliſhe as I am and haue bene willing to enioy the benefites of ſo excellent a gouernement in common with my brethren.

"It is not a ſlight and vulgare thing (my deare brethren and countrymen) that a royall perſonage ſhoulde be firſt afflicted, & then aduanced: fyrſt humbled, and then exalted: fyrſt brought downe to the gates of death, and then agayne ſet vp in the wayes of lyfe, and in the throne of principalitie and rule. This is the order of the Lordes ſchoole, this is the courſe of the almightie, and theſe are the onely wayes of the higheſt. By whome ſoeuer hee pleaſeth to worke his worke, in thoſe he expreſſeth the good tokens of his election. And hath he not dealt ſo with our Elizabeth?"

He then complains of the "vnrecouerable wickednes of the people of this tyme and Nation"—of the practices of the Queen's enemies, rebellion, Popiſh plots, &c.

IX.

DAUIDS SLING AGAINST GREAT GOLIAH. A ſword againſt the feare of Death. A battell betweene the Deuill & the Conſcience. The dead mans ſchoole. A lodge for Lazarus. A retraite from Sin. By E. H. London, by Henry Denham, 1580. [16mo.]

The only authority for the exiſtence of this work, which is from the initials attributed to Edward Hake, is Maunſell's Catalogue.

X.

AN ORATION conteyning an Expoſtulation As well with the Queenes Highneſſe faithfull Subiects for their want of due conſideration of Gods bleſſings enioyed by meanes of her Maieſtie: As alſo with the vnnaturall engliſh for their diſloyaltie and vnkindneſſe towards the ſame their Soueraygne. At the firſt pronounced vpon the Queenes Maieſties Birthday, in the Guyldhall of the Burrowe of Newe Windſore, by Edward Hake of Grayes Inne Gent. then Mayer of the ſame Burrowe: And now newly inprinted this xvij. day of Nouember, in the xxx. yeere of the Queenes Highneſſe moſt happie Raigne. Imprinted at London for Edward Aggas. [1587.] Black Letter. [Quarto. 16 leaves, A—D.]

This Oration, ſpoken on the Queen's Birthday, 7th September, 1586, was according to the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company, licenſed to Edw. Aggas, 30th October, 1587, in which year it was no doubt printed. It is introduced by an Addreſs by Hake to "The right Noble and vertuous his ſinguler good Lady, the Lady Anne Counteſſe of Warwicke,"—(wife of Ambroſe Dudley, elder brother of the Earl of Leiceſter, and created Lord Liſle and Earl of Warwick in 1562)—in which he regrets that he has no better means of ſhewing his reſpect for "ſo noble a Lady, as by whom (I

confeſſe) both in my ſickneſſe and my health I haue bene often reuiued and ſingulerly comforted."

The only copy of this work now known is in the Library of Lambeth Palace. It is, however, reprinted in the ſecond volume of Nichols's Progreſſes of Queen Elizabeth.

XI.

THE TOUCHE-STONE OF WITTES. 1588.

Though Warton, in his deſcription of the "Mirror of Magiſtrates," the firſt edition of which appeared in 1559, quotes Hake's opinion as a contemporary writer upon it, as found in his "Touche-ſtone of Wittes," a work "chiefly compiled," according to our great poetic critic, "with ſome ſlender additions from William Webbe's "Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetry," publiſhed in 1588; he ſpeaks of him as "a forgotten writer," and as "one of whom he knows but little more than that he wrote alſo "A Toucheſtone for this Time preſent." But to this ſlight notice we are indebted for the only record we poſſeſs of this work of Hake's (the Touche-ſtone of Wittes); for though a copy had undoubtedly been ſeen by Warton, it has eſcaped the ſubſequent reſearches of our moſt ardent bibliomaniacs; reſembling in this reſpect the fate of that curious poetic tract of 32 leaves, printed in 1601, entitled "No Whippinge nor Trippinge but a kinde friendly Snippinge," which, notwithſtanding a copy of it had apparently been uſed by Malone, had never been ſeen by Warton nor by any ſucceeding bibliographer till another (and perhaps the only ſurviving one) had been diſentombed at Lamport Hall by the preſent editor, who has no heſitation, from the moſt direct internal evidence, in fathering it upon Nicholas Breton.

XII.

OF GOLDS KINGDOME, AND THIS VNhelping Age. Deſcribed in ſundry Poems intermixedly placed after certaine other Poems of more ſpeciall reſpect: And before the ſame is an Oration or ſpeech intended to haue bene deliuered by the Author hereof vnto the Kings Maieſty. *Ipſe*

licet venias Muſis comitatus Homere, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis* Homere *foras.* Though *Homer*, thou do come thy ſelfe with Muſes waiting on thee, Yet *Homer*, if thou nothing bring, then *Homer*, God be with thee. *Animus virtutis ſtudioſus adinuenit artem Carminum ad laudandum bona: ad vituperandum vero vitioſa. Ariſt. De poetica lib. i.* [Emblematical Woodcut.] Imprinted at London by Iohn Windet dwelling at Paules Wharfe at the ſigne of the Croſſe-keyes, and are there to be ſold. 1604. Black Letter. [Quarto, 33 leaves.]

The copy in the Britiſh Muſeum is imperfect, containing only 24 leaves. [A to F 4.] It had belonged to Heber, who purchaſed it from Longman's Bibl. Anglo-Poetica, at 3*l.* 3*s.*, and then paid Lewis 13*s.* for the binding. It produced at his ſale 1*l.* 13*s.* One at Bindley's ſale, apparently perfect, brought 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and G. Chalmers's copy, in 1842, 13*l.*

This volume compriſes a ſingular intermixture of poems on varied ſubjects in various meaſures, with a few proſe pieces, adverting to royal perſonages, to courtiers, to prelates, to judges, to lawyers, &c., and to the author's leading topic, the potency and undue influence of gold. The circumſtances under which it was compoſed are ſtated in the following dedication in the latter part of the book :—

" *To the right worſhipfvll his very kind and curteous friend Edward Vaughan Eſquire, Deputy Officer of the Office of the Pipe of the Kings Maieſties Eſchequer.*

" Good Sir,

" My occaſions ſtaying me ſo long in London this laſt vacation, as that according to the bill of Certificat there died aboue 19 hundreth of the Plague in one weeke: Although I then thought it not fit to imploy that time in any ſerious Study, yet I was vnwilling to paſſe it wholly ouer without ſome exerciſe of my Pen. Whereupon reſorting to a few odde trifles which I had penned about a yeare or two ſithens, I added euery day for diuerſe dayes together ſundry others vnto them. And cauſing my man to

write them out after me, in the end I found the whole thereof to ariſe vnto a proportion of a litle Booke: which (thus written as it is) I ſend vnto you, as a token of my aſſured goodwill, being ready from time to time to expreſſe the ſame by better meanes as I ſhall be enabled thereunto. And whereas in one or two places of the booke I haue made mention of outragious fees, let that light where it will: As for you, you are knowne to be a giuer of fees: But an extreame exacter of fees I am perſwaded in my heart you neuer were, nor euer will be. And ſo with my beſt wiſhing vnto you, I ceaſe: This Firſt of Januarie 1603.

"Your true and hearty welwiller,
"E. HAKE."

This Edward Vaughan was author of a little work, (not mentioned by Lowndes, and recently in my poſſeſſion,) and one in which it appears Sir W. Herbert had a part, printed by A. Iſlip, London, 1594, entitled "Ten Introductions: How to Read, and in Reading how to Underſtand; and in Underſtanding, how to beare in mind all the Bookes, Chapters, and Verſes, contained in the Holie Bible." In the Preface is a feeling alluſion to the families "which the laſt years Plague hath ruinated, deprived, and deſolated."

The following verſes in "Golds Kingdome" relate to the ſtate of uncertainty in which the kingdom was placed by the death of the Queen, with a high compliment to the efficient adminiſtration of juſtice in the city of London.

"*Of the moſt commendable and honourable gouernement of the City of London, in the late times of the ſickneſſe and deceaſe of the moſt gracious and renowmed Queene Elizabeth.*

"Feare, horror trembling, and diſmay of heart
Were each where ſeene upon reports that went
That our late Queene lay ſicke. O dreadfull ſmart
Redoubled ſtill as new reports were ſent.
Moſt men to flit and chaunge their ſoiles were bent,
But where to ſeate or where to be ſecure,
Alas, alas, no caſting could procure.

"The vpland man, thought ſafeſt in the Towne,
The townes man thought him beſt that was at large,
And he that earſt ſate warme in long furd gowne,
Could well haue brookt the ſteering of a barge.
Not one of other then would take the charge,

But each ſuſpecting other, all diſmayd,
Not for defence, but for deſtruction ſtayd.

" O London then (to thy ſtill laſting fame)
So prudently thy Gouernement was ſet,
As that how euer newes then went and came,
Nought could thy graue foreſight or compaſſe let
Wiſedome and courage ſo in thee were met,
As that the Peacefull had his quiet reſt,
And few men feard that they ſhould be oppreſt.

" No troupes by day nor lurkings in the night
Could gather head, but ſtreight they were deſcryde:
Each officer ſo held his courſe aright,
As that no doubtfull perſon durſt abide.
And for the care that was at water-ſide,
It was to all great ioy to vnderſtand
What rules were there for ſetting men on land.

" In fine, when certainty of death was knowne
Of her our Queene, did hurly burly riſe?
No none at all: A bud then ſtraight way blowne
On ſelfe ſame ſtalke did London well ſuffice
To meaſure all things with an vpright Size.
The keyes were kept for him [King James] who did ſucceed,
And nought was heard that diſcrepance might breed.

" Then I as one partaker of that Good,
Who with my wife and family did ſtay
Within the City where I vnderſtood
Th' occurrents of thoſe times and Cities ſway,
Found cauſe of ſweete content whereas I lay,
Obſeruing there the orders of that place,
Which with my heart I highly did imbrace."

As the " Oration " included in this volume contains little but the uſual adulation addreſſed to ſovereigns on their acceſſion to the throne, and has already been reprinted in Brydges's " Reſtituta," vol. iii. p. 269, it ſeems unneceſſary to repeat it here. But it is amuſing to obſerve that the author, who never loſes an opportunity of ſelf-laudation, manages, while alluding to the king's ſhare in the government, and the "equity of the Common Lawes of England and of the High Court of Chancery," to call His Majeſty's attention to " a plaine and open Treatiſe thereof in Engliſh," which

he has written, and of which he begs the king's peruſal. This has apparently never been printed.

I will now give a few ſpecimens of the poems in "Golds Kingdome," ſome of which contain paſſages of conſiderable merit. They are preceded by the following ſtanzas, ſhowing the ruling features of the author's mind—his zeal for religion—his yearning for the reformation of abuſes in Church and State, as well as in the legal profeſſion, all of which bore heavily on the people,—tempered by a profound veneration for the office of the ſovereign. From its heading, "Humble Petitions of good ſubiects to their good King againſt the Parliament," and from the ideas expreſſed in it, it is evident that his hopes for reform centred entirely in the new ruler:—

Confirme Religion as the Arke of God:
Preſerue the places where the ſame ſhall reſt:
Then lawes for life, and maners as the Rod,
Wherewith offence of Sinne muſt be ſuppreſt,
So ſhall the land aſſuredly be bleſt.
But firie Spirits are not for that charge,
Nor ſuch as ſeeke their profits to enlarge.

"Next, for the Common-wealth (as is begun)
Take off oppreſſions from the Subiects backe,
And to the Commons do not alwayes runne
For euery thing that Common wealth doth lacke,
For ſo poore Subiects ſtill ſhall go to wracke,
And yet muſt Subiects Cæſars duties pay:
No faithfull Subiect will thereof ſay nay.

"As for the Lawyers faults and griefes thereby,
The peoples plaints ſuffice to make them knowne,
And how huge monſtrous fees on Suters lye,
Which Officers and Clarkes claime as their owne:
But if you aſke *quo iure* they are growne
The man (ſay they) muſt ſell who firſt did buy:
A caſe to be redreſt as cauſe ſhall lie.

"In briefe, the ſores & ſickneſſes that are
In Englands ſtate, which grieued men will ſhew
In Parliament, will moue the Princes care
To finde the fountaines whence the ſame doe flow,
And fountaines found, to purge them all arow.

The God of heauen preſerue our bleſſed King,
That he to Church and Realme true peace may bring.
Aſtra Deo nil maius habent, Nil Cæſare Terra:
Sic Cæſar Terras, vt Deus Aſtra regat."

"*No gold no goodneſſe.*

"O Gold that goeſt in and out,
That rul'ſt and raigneſt at thy will,
O thou that bringeſt things about,
Why art thou abſent from vs ſtill?
But O our God, O where art thou
That ſuffreſt Gold to conquer now?

"You earthly men who vnto men
Nought giue where you can nothing take,
I ſpeake to you, regard me then,
Your Gold and Goods your God you make:
For where as Gold is, you are won,
But where Gold is not, you haue done.

"Be honeſt, learned, ſkilfull, wiſe,
Be what thou canſt, if Gold thou want,
Thou maiſt lie ſtill, thou ſhalt not riſe,
For nothing proues where Gold is ſkant:
For Gold it is that doth the deed,
But nothing proſpers where is need.

"What, ſhall I then lie downe and die?
Alas I cannot when I would:
Or ſhall I ſit me downe and crie
And with my teares my griefe vnfold?
Lament and crie, do what thou wilt,
Thy cauſe is loſt for lacke of Gilt.

"Yet ſay I not that all men looke
To be rewarded for their deed:
But this I ſay, that few men brooke
To helpe a man that is in need.
For though he write with Hcmers inke,
Yet go he ſhall before he drinke."

" *The ſame complaining of his want of friends.*

" WAKING in my bed I wept
And ſilently complaind,
The cares that on me crept
All hope of ſleepe reſtraind,
I called on my hap,
I cried on my chaunce,
Will none ſtand in the gap?
Will none my ſtate aduance?
My woe that neuer ends,
My want that neuer dies,
My ſtate that neuer mends,
My ſoule that euer cries,
All theſe are but the loome
That warpeth vp my death,
All theſe preſage my doome,
The loſſe of later breath.
But is there not a Ioy
That worldly Ioy excels,
That helpeth all annoy
And worldly woe expels?
There is no doubt, God graunt it me
So ſhall thoſe woes extinguiſht be."

" *Droupe and die,*
Looke vp and liue.

" BE drouping N. and die my deareſt friend:
For who regardeth him whoſe ioyes do end?
Looke vp and liue, make ſhew of greateſt ſtore:
If litle thou poſſeſſe, make ſhew of more:
Be modeſt, ſimple, baſhfull in thy deed,
Aſſure thy ſelfe of nothing thou ſhalt ſpeed:
But ſtout vaunt parler ſtirring in the State
Will haue his paſſage through a Princely Gate."

Anſwer.

" Ah God my God, and muſt it needes be thus?
Will nothing come by plaine and ſimple courſe?
Muſt Nature change her ſelfe and looſe her Ius?
Muſt humble mind be proud? Nay (which is worſe)

Muſt vertue ſeruile be to ſtalcke vpon the Stage?
Ah Lord my God, how grieuous is this Age?
Ile neuer liue to make ſuch fained ſhowes:
Ile rather liue where peace of Conſcience growes.
Natura pauca, opinio multa requirit."

"*A carefull Debtor.*

I Live in debt, yet loue not to do ſo,
I pay no debt, but not becauſe I would not:
Tis debts diſeaſe that breedeth all my woe,
It kils my heart (alas) becauſe I could not.
But hence I go to ſeeke ſome change of ſoyle
Whereby to pay my debt with bodies toyle."



Newes out of Powles Churchyarde

Now newly renued and amplifyed accoꝛding to the accidents of the preſent time, 1579.

and

Otherwiſe entituled, ſyꝛ Nummus. Written in Engliſh Satyrs. Wherein is reproued exceſſiue and vnlawfull ſeeking after riches, and the euill ſpending of the ſame.

Compyled by E. H. Gent.

Seene and allowed according to the order appointed.

Horatius.

Aetas parentum peior auis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.

Well get thy goods, and ſpend them well:
well gotten, keepe the ſame.
Beware of hoorde, hoorde hate doth bring,
and vile reprochfull name.

Non mordet qui monet,
Non vulnerat, ſed ſanat.

To the high and Honorable, and his especiall good Lorde, Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Leycester, Baron of Denbigh, and Knight of the most *noble order of the Garter, high Stewarde* of her Maiesties Burrow of new Windsore, Edw. Hake, vndersteward there, wisheth dayly preseruation with increase of honor to Gods glory.

SIth grace hath graffed in your Noble breſt,
Farre grater gifts then tipe of mundane glee:
Sith high renowme, your Honour, & the reſt,
To Vertue yeeld, and counteruayled bee
With great effect of Vertues worthy vew:
I make it bolde for vertues ayde to ſew.
And though my gift (as ſlender to the shoe)
Vnworthy ſeeme to shrowde himſelfe as nowe
In bleſſed Bay from force of deadly foe:
Yet Vertue may your Lordships pitie bowe
To fenſe the Booke beſet with deadly hate,
For that the ſame explanes the preſent ſtate,
And ſets to vew the vices of the time
In Nouell Verſe and Satyrs *sharpe effect*
Still drawne along and pend in playneſt rime
For ſole intent good liuing to erect:
And ſinne reſcinde which rifely raignes abroade
In peoples harts full fraught with ſinfull loade.

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Sith ſo (I ſay) therefore your Noble hart
Let grace ſo guide and bend to Vertues bayte,
That Satirs theſe (though ſeeming ſomwhat tart)
May shielded be from ſuch as lie in waite
The ſame to shend and bring to fowle decaye:
To deadly shame, and mortall malice aye.
So shall your Lordship shewe your ſelfe to bee
Sole vertues ſtay, and friend vnto the good:
So hate to ſinne shal men apparaunt ſee,
And loue ſet forth to ſaue the ſinfull bloud.
And ſo shall I encouragde in my paine,
Proceede, and ſet my Pen to Booke againe.
And euer pray the liuing God of might
Your Lordship ſo to guide by gift of grace,
That you may ſtande accepted in his ſight
VVhilſt here you liue, and in the ende a place
Receiue with ſuch as vertues path haue traſte:
And liue with them that vertue haue imbraſte.

Your Lordſhips moſt
humbly at commaundment. Edw. Hake.

To the Gentle Reader.

IT pleaſeth the Printer, (Gentle Reader, as thou ſeeſt) after twelue yeeres ſcilence, to hale againe into the lighte, this my litle booke of engliſhe Satyrs, which elſe mighte haue ſoonge vnto it ſelfe, Ecce nunc in puluere dormio: what his gaine ſhalbe, I knowe not: and I am perſwaded, that gaine is not the onely, no nor the chiefeſt ende hee reſpecteth. But on the other part, what I ſhal gaine that am the Author of the booke, none can be ſo ignorant, but hee maye eaſilye gheſſe. Once, money I gaine none at this time, either for writing altering or correcting of the ſame: & hereof I ſtand ſo cléere, that bothe I and my booke may be bould to exempt our ſelues from the reache of mine owne Argument which conſiſteth in the reproouing of thoſe who (by male engine) lie in wait for ſir Nummus. And thus much be ſpoken to preuent the obprobry & reprochе that this way might be rayſed againſt me.

As for prayſe and commendation, if the ſharpnes of my Satyrs were not matter ſufficient to ſettle me againſt the expectation thereof: yet I am not ſo farre from Iudgement I thanke God, but that I

 knowe

know (in part) what is lackinge (aswell in the inuention as in the verse of the booke,) that shoulde carye away commendation amongst the better sort of english Poetes of our tyme: And indeede, it is a matter that I stryue nothing at all to attaine vnto: For if I did, I woulde frequent the meanes, which are reading and practise, neyther whereof, I haue bene acquainted with to any purpose since the first three yeeres which I spent in the Innes of Chauncery: being now aboue a dosen of yeeres passed. And so longe is it sithens these Satyres were first made and set foorth, euen (as I maye saye) in my childishe yeeres, whereof notwithstanding verye lyttle or nothing I repent mee. Only I wishe that all that I haue written & published heretofore were by me reuised, and that I might haue lycense and laysure to runne them ouer againe, hereby to make them a little more substanciall if my habilitye serued thereto: which being once done and performed, how forwarde I woulde bee from thenceforth in setting forth of bookes, shoulde appeare vnto the worlde by the continuance of my silence. For (to speake a truthe) it is not meete we shoulde cloye the worlde with to many

to many bookes of weake handling: especially, whiles the learned trauailes and profitable labours of worthye wryters are layne to keepe the dooze (as I maye terme it) oz, which is moze, to lie buried in slēce.

But touching this my booke: I haue not abzidged it of any one Satyze that was in the first edytion thereof, neyther haue I added vnto it any other whole Satyz: But I haue enlarged here and there one, and haue corrected ye whole booke in many places. I confesse I coulde haue beene wylling to haue increased the number by iij. oz iiij. Satyzs at the least: Namely of vnderschzeeues and Baylliffs one: And of Informers and Sompners oz Apparitours other twoo. Which offycers (if they all so be) how they abuse the Subiects and people of this Realme at this daye, by intollerable Extoztions bzyberies trecheries and decepts, what whole Shier, and in euerye Shier, what Cytie Towne oz Village, is not hable haboundauntly to declare? But these, togither with the exquisite handling of mine allowable Argument, I muste be contented to omitte, as neyther haupnge layfure, noz (thzough want of layfure) skill sufficient to accomplishe the same: For I

tell you, it is no matter of meane ympor-
taunce, firſte to ſearche and ſyfte owte the
wrenches and wyles, ſhyfts, practiſes and
deceytes that the lewde ſorte of this people
(which I feare me are the greater number
of them) doe vſe to gette money with. And
then hauing ſo ſearched and ſyfted them
owte from nooke to crooke, to ſette forthe
the ſame in apt and conuenient diſcourſe:
For which cauſes (gentle Reader) be con-
tented and affoord me thine indyfferent
Iudgement in this that I haue alreadye
done: And if thou finde therein any matter
of reprehenſion more fytte to haue bene
handled by men of grauer Cenſure and
more agreeable callinge: For alſmuche as it
reacheth no farther then to the reprouing
of vice, and the ſame alſo wrytten in that
age of mine, when as vice (without the
grace of God) mighte rather haue drawen
me to her league, then haue had me for hir
enemye: I thinke thou mayeſt well
enoughe (without endaungeringe
of Iuſtice) aſſent to my requeſt,
and ſo I hope thou wylt
do. Fare well.

Ad authorem, Ioannes Long

Londonienſis miniſter.

QVærit opes hominū mens improba, querit honores:
Sed quid diuitiæ? quid decus omne valent?
Inſidiis quæruntur opes, quæruntur honores:
Iſta breui fugiunt, & peritura volant.
Perge tuos igitur fœlici tramite greſſus:
Siſtere ne retrahat Zoilus iſtud opus.
Inſidias oſtende virùm, quos nulla mouere
Heu pietas poterit: queis pador omnis abeſt.
Sic tu Neſtoriæ traduces ſtamina vitæ
Hakê, tuam famam ſydera ſumma canent.

The ſame to the Citie

of London.

A Great conqueſt of ſinne hath made
a Student Edward Hake.
O London learne for to beware,
from ſinne ariſe and wake.
Of wanton Maydes he did alſo,
the ſlights a late detect:
Learne to be wiſe, and looke to them,
the woꝛſt alwayes ſuſpect.
Hee hath reduſde to vulgare tongue
the Imitation true
And following of our Captaine Chꝛiſte,
good liuing to renue.
A Touchſtone for the preſent tyme
hee eke ſet forth of late,
Wherein the ruynes of the Churche
with zeale he doth debate.
A briefe memoriall of our Quéene
and of her bleſſed raigne
He alſo wrote in dewe diſcourſe
firſt once and then againe.
At length theſe newes are now come forth
wherein thy ſinnes he ſhowes.
Repent (therefore) and call for grace
of God eche thing that knowes.

FINIS.

The Author to the Carping

and ſcornefull Sicophant.

AS plated Finne of ſlender flying Dare
Wherwith the Seaman cuts the crooked waue,
Is ſcant of force tattaine the happy ſhoare
When check of tyde back beares the mighty Naue:
So I (no leſſe) long lodgde on mounting ſurge,
Was kept alooke by cankerd captifes gurge.

Though true intent did ayce the ſtreame ſo ſwift,
Sea beaten Barck could ſcantly yet obtaine
The ſhoare tyll now: by ſubtile Zoyls drift
And Vipers tongue that beat my Boate amaine.
What then? perforce, and maugre Momus head,
I ſkyp on Strond, as free from daungers dread.

Let Sicophaunts and Minotaurus broode,
Let Ciclops Feere, and ſubtyle Ciren Hagges,
With grinning Jawes and gaſping gyddy moode
Go ſhake their eares, and ſhut their ſhameles bagges.
I force them not, nor Neutrall, Papiſt, nor
Vile Janus Jacks: their league doo I abhor.

Thou Papiſt, thou, falſe harted to thy Prince,
That wouldſte bereaue her grace of princely powre,
To thee I ſay that checking, dooſt conuince
(As ſeemeth thee) my poynaunt poore deuowre:
For that thou deemſt me dampned by thy doom,
Stand back ſir Brock, let Bandog take thy room.

Shall brockyſh Badger beare as now the ſway,
Or Shepherdes Dog that bringeth in the Sheepe?
Shall wooluiſh mates that woont the ſame to ſlay,
Rebuke the Whelpe? no, no, take thou no kepe.
To my poore powre yle barck thee from the fold,
And ſhepherdes ſhall rehayte thee to thy holde.

Where-

To the carping and

Wherefore, withdraw thy raging ſpoyle by day
And ſee thou lurck (at leaſt) within thy caue
Whyle Sunne is vp, for feare of Hunters pray:
What tyme thy craft is not of force to ſaue.
And eke at night, beware ift be thy hap,
And keepe thy foote from ſlipping Hunters trap.

And now to thee thou double faced drudge,
That plyes thy ſelfe ſo plyaunt vnto chaunge,
And vnder hand dooſte beare thy face ſo Budge:
Thou Tyme ſclaue thou, y^t^ ſayſt my pen doth raunge:
To thee I ſay (for that thou moanſt my caſe)
Reſtraine thy tongue, leaſt I deſcry thy face.

Thy hooded head that doth two faces beare,
I ſee how cloſely vnderhand it nods,
And triple tongue that byds me ware this geare,
Leaſt chaũge ſhould come. But twene vs. ij. be ods.
And therfore (Janus) once againe I ſay,
Go charme your tongue, leaſt I take hood away.

And laſt of all, I turne my tale to thee,
Thou Nunquam ſanus vyle reprochfull mate,
And carping careleſſe cankerd churle, whom yee
That writes ech where, reproues with worthy hate.
For that thou belkſt with belly burſten paunch,
Gainſt them that haps from ydle ſhoare to launch.

To thee, to thee my flytting Muſe auerres,
And bound by Dathe of Fayth, I doo auowe
That neyther hate nor harbraynd toy inferres
This worke of myne which I doo publyſh nowe.
Nor meede at all, though where it bringeth gaine,
It pleaſeth ſome for to requite my paine.

For

For well thou wotſte, if thyrſty were my minde
To bend the ſame to wynne by gaynſome trade,
Then would I wryte the thing that Authors finde
A gaine within: and whereby Sommes be made.
I meane vaine ieſtes to ſtirre vp filthy game.
But I proteſt my harte doth hate the ſame

And onely ſeekes how to ſequeſter ſinne,
And Sathans dryfts that driue men downe to hell:
My thoughts be cleere, my conſcience cleane within.
Thus knoweth God, that eche ones thought can tell.
Wherfore, beware and let thy carping lye.
Elſe, ſure my pen my gyltleſſe hart ſhall trye.

And to conclude, to all that wyſh me well,
And loue by tongue, do vtter to my face,
I make requeſt that rancour they depell
And let their verdict to the Trueth geue place.
Elſe, let them ceaſe to beare of friend the name.
For I refuſe to take them for the ſame.

Once (ſure I am) with quipping querks herein,
I haue not meant to taunt, or check the good,
Nor (rayling bent) I ſlaunders doo begin:
Though trueth I ſay, to ſuch as wyll be wood.
For gyltie man findes eche thing to his ſhame.
Where good men can their owne offences blame.

But well, for fine and finall ende I ſaye
To all ſuch Snakes as lyng by ſtealing pace
And boughing Curs that barck and winde away,
I holde it beſt that they no more deface
An open trueth: For then, as they deſerue,
Embarckt I lye to launch when tyme ſhal ſerue.

FINIS.

Ad authorem Ric. Ma-
thæus, Londonienſis miniſter.

TVus probatur à pijs labor bonus:
Qui quod pium eſt non diligit,
Noli putare vincere hunc virum tibi:
Huic ſit loquela libera.
Quis Zoilum fugit pius? Tu nec potes:
Bonis mali nam detrahunt.
Tibi beata ſit precor ſolatio
Vita ea, Deus quam tunc dabit,
Cum tua fides Chriſto vt facit des obuiam
Regno patris ſummi ſui.

The

The Noueltie of this

Booke.

SUch Noueltie as time doth bring,
I yeelde in meeter heere:
Euen newes that to the Godly hart
may noysome newes appeere.
But yet what then? such is the state
of this our present time,
That now no daye doth passe without
some new deuised crime.

FINIS.

¶ The Glory of the Honorable, is the feare of God.



The Beare doth beare me now in hand
that Noble is thy race.
The vertues of thy worthy minde,
shewe forth the gifts of grace.

The firſt Satyr.

AS late I walked vp and downe, Auctor.
in Powles for my repaſt,
And there (as many woont to doo)
about the Church had traſte
Long tyme alone to view the rowte,
and great confuſed noyſe,
With pleaſaunt chat (a world to ſee)
at length I heard a voyce.
And calling backe mine eye, I eſpyde
a pretie wymble lad,
Who ſaluing of his mate, dyd aſke
what newes were to be had.
His fellowe (lyke a gentle ſwaine,
and ioly headed chylde)
Conioyned handes, and ſighing, ſayde
a ſlaue hath me beguilde.
But ſcarcely had he ſpoken this,
or eare his faithfull feere
Faſte claſpte his arme, and him beſought,
to be of better cheere:
And let not chaunce (quoth he) affright,
nor ſo moleſt your minde,
As thus to ſeeme a Wight that hath
his woonted ioy reſygnde.

Bertulph. Tell tell, quoth Bertulph (so he hight)
By whome you are beguylde
And eke what cause and cruel chaunce
your comfort hath exylde.

Paule. O friende (sayde Paule) full soone would I
expresse to thée my grieke,
But so peruersely falles it foorth
that I sée no relieke.
But yet sith thou so vrgent arte
and earnest of the case,
I graunt thereto if thou attende
and walke about the place.

Content is pleasde, quoth Bertulph tho,
and then they walckte yfeere,

Author. And I perceyuing all their talcke,
approched very neere:
And ioyning close vnto their side,
I walckt with equall pace
(Without offence as I suppose
their talcke had such a grace.)

Paule. Then Paule began with visage pale
and handes conioyned fast,
To settle forth him selfe to speake,
and thus he spake at last.
The highest God that syttes aboue
For aye in heauenly Throne,
That Prince of might that rules the hea-
and Welkin weeldes alone, (uens

He knowes if I do falſely ſpeake,
or (mooued through affect)
If I through hate or fauor, lye
in any one reſpect.
But firſt, before my tale begyn,
Ile tell you howe the ſlaue
Hath many one beguyled earſt
that ſought the ſame to haue.
His name alſo I wyll not ſticke
to tell you with the reſt.
And to be ſhort, He Nummus hight
(a paſſing proper gueſt,)
He lodgeth ofte with Marchauntmen
and eke with men of Lawe,
And lightly where he boſteth, there
are people kept in awe.
Ile eke declare howe that as he
doth often men beguyle,
Euen ſo him ſelfe is often catcht,
with fraude and filthy wyle.
And howe ofte tymes by force they wreſt
and wring him to their handes
And howe from fooles he often flyes
and breakes his tynſell bandes,
Now, whiles y^t^ Paule was ſpeaking thus, Auᵗhor.
his mate gan me eſpye.
He knewe my minde, I gaue a becke,
he wynked with his eye

And helde his fynger on his mouth,
ſuſpecting ſore the man:
He thought that fancies fed his braine,
his viſage lookte ſo wan
And wordes ſo voyde of woonted ſence.
But yet (for that he hight,
And promiſde had to heare the ende)
his heſt he kept aright.

Paule. And forth proceeded Paule at large.
This Nummus nowe (quoth he)
Is ſtraightly watchte, and hardly kept
with men of each degree.
He wanteth none to wayte for him,
although he ſcapt from mee.
The Laytie and the Clergie bothe,
if haply him they ſee:
Will talke with Vobis eare he parte,
theyle plucke a Crowe with him.
Theyle ſhut him vp, or ſende him forth,
ſome greater gaine to wyn.
Or elſe to worke their neighbors woe,
by waginge ſutes at Lawe,
To bring them ſelues in preaſe and price,
and to be had in awe.

Clergie. But as for Clergie, ſome of them,
they knowe his nature well,
They knowe his falſe corrupting force,
with him they will not mell,

Except

Except it be where neede requires,
and for a iuſt intent.
And ſurely ſome, though not the ſwaye,
right ſo to gaine are bent.
Although that ſome againe doo ſeeke
exceſſiuely the ſame,
And ſome do hoorde it vp in ſtore,
to their rebuke and ſhame.
But (if I ſhould vprightly ſpeake)
Their lyuinges are ſo lopt,
That from th'inferiour Clergie men,
long ſince lyr Nummus hopt.
I meane not pompous Prelates here,
nor Chaplens of degrée,
Theſe flaunting fellowes by your leaue,
will haat ikt had maye bée
I meane, I meane poore Miniſters,
ſome plaſte and ſome diſperſt;
Whome powling Patrons and ſuch lyke,
haue greeuouſly amerſt.
And yet forſoothe our Baldockes bleate,
and ſay they keepe no chéere.
They catche lyr Nummus from them ſtill,
and yet would haue him héere.
But well they are no ſmall fooles nowe,
that robbe the Clergies miede.
Wherfore to ſylence were I beſt,
ſuch wordes may rancor breede,

And here you muſt aduert it well,
that iuſtly men maye ſeeke
For Nummus to releeue their neede,
if ſo their fancie leeke.
And alſo how that they right well
the ſame may ſtyll retaine,
So that they doo not hoord him vp
for ſole intent to gaine.
But ſuch as I ſhall here recite,
cannot without offence
The ſame or ſeeke, or keepe, or ſpend
what ſo be their pretence.
Becauſe their mindes are all peruerſe:
they ſpende for ſpyte or gaine:
And through the luſt of lawleſſe hoords,
the ſame doo they retaine.
And what are they that ſeeke it ſo?
Euen moſt men now a dayes.
In Countrey, Citie and each where
they finde ſiniſter wayes
T'obtaine the ſame, and ſpende it yll,
or elſe to keepe it worſe:
And euer aye their mindes are bent
to fyll their farſed Purſe.
But nowe, for that the ſcope is large
where we may finde them out,
And time but ſhort, I rather meane
to leaue the Country rout,

And

And medle with our Townish lads
in London sole precinct,
Except (as neede) the Suburbs must
be with the Citie Linckt.
Wheras, when I haue reckned vp
of them the most estates,
Then tell howe many kindes of folcke
ne lyue within the rates
And bounds of honest seeking stoze,
of spending well the same,
Of closely couching vp their hoozd
as bedlem bugs to tame.
Why syz (quoth Bertulph) now me thinks Bertulph.
you talke not of the man
That seru'de you of that sluttish touch
of late I wot neare whan.
O Friende (quoth Paule) is this the faith Paule.
and this thy late beheste?
I stickt not to begin my tale
at thy alone requeste:
And thou therefoze didst pzomise mée
thy silent eare to giue.
And yet thou interruptst my tale.
Howe should I thee beleue?
Of friendly faith attende a while,
and marke me to the ende:
Then shalt thou thinke that I disclose
to thee as to a Friende. Finis.

The ſecond Satyr.

Paule. AS promiſe prefferth me to ſhow
my minde to thee at large:
Euen ſo t'obſerue due order is,
belonging to my charge.
Harcke therfore (firſt) how Nummus doth
beguile eche kinde of men:
Howe it through force and vyle effect
doth noyſome humor blen:
His beautie (firſt) and pregnant ſhow,
and then his mighty force,
Enchaunteth ſo the peoples hartes:
that (voyde of all remorſe)
They fawne & gape, they watch and prie,
they leaze and eft forſweare,
They worke the thing that wicked is,
they curſſe, they ban and teare
the bleſſed name of great Iehoue,
and all to wyn the fame:
They put in vre, they practiſe ſtill
to get the golden hame.
Men of Lawe. And firſt beholde our men of law:
let them haue chiefeſt place,
Sith by the lawes, eche common weath
doth runne his rightfull race.

And

And for that Lawes accoumpted are,
echo where the chiefeſt ſtaye:
Let Lawiers then be principall,
and firſt within my playe.
But as for Judges now to iudge, Judges.
my iudgement will not ſaye:
I wote full well, their prayſe was ſpread
by me this other daye.
And Trueth it is, our Judgement ſeates
ſuch Vprent heades poſſeſſe,
As former dayes for men of choyſe,
had neuer ſuch I gueſſe.
What then? no ſort, no one degrée,
no place, no function ſo
Vprightly ſtandes, but with the good
ſome wicked weede doth growe.
With vertues league, ſom vice doth lynk
and forme of godly vew
Oft equall makes with men of troth,
ſome Hypocrites vntrue.
I knowe friend Bertulph, ſome there be
whoſe hands regarde no meede,
Whoſe hartes Dye no deceypt at all,
from whome no harmes proceede.
And ſure I am, when cauſe of troth,
before ſuch men is tryde,
With ſimple troth, they Juſtice yéelde,
and iuſtly do decyde.

But

But nowe, although with these there lyt
no one that doth dissent
Though all of them in publicque place
doo sing Amesme lentent
Yet vnderhande perhaps there are
that nowe and then deuoure
The sugred sappe that Justice yeeldes:
And where they lyst to lowre
For spyte or gayne, or priuate wreke,
there Justice course is stayde.
And where they lyst to smoother troth,
there, right is cleane dismayde.
Such such there be (or haue bin some)
who when they rule alone,
When scope & course hath hoyst them vp
and set them chiefe in Throne
From Censors sight, and priuate made
their swaye and supreme place:
Then then they wring & wrong the right,
then then they truth deface.
Ah Bertulph, be there not thinke you,
In place of Justice sette
Some fained sortes of fawning Spreetes
that course of Justice lette?
That frame a semblaunce sound and good,
that iuste and holy seeme,
And yet in harte are fraught with guyle,
and ofte vniustly deeme?

I feare

I feare I feare me falſehod lurkes
in lappes of learned ſyſe
I feare me Nummus oft peruerts
in ſome that go for wyſe:
So then, ſome chiefe and ſome beſides
ſo ſmally ponder meede,
That where they ſyt in common ſwaye,
there, Iuſtice doth proceede.
But ſome againe where place hath made
their powres diſtinct, I feare
Of popiſh willes, through gruteh or gaine
with much enorme do beare.
And hence, from hence I feare me come
theſe cryes of common ſort
That oft lament and oft affyrme
their Iudgement to be tort.
One here bewayles his wofull caſe
and wiſheth him vnborne,
Another cryes with wringing handes,
alas, I am forlorne
My ſute thus long depended hath:
The Lawe is on my ſyde,
And yet in harde delayes I lye
true Iudgement to abyde.
Another thus: be friended is,
the Iudge doth loue him well
And me (as poore and needie) they
doo dayly thus depell

Two

Two hundreth myles and more I come:
My Wife at home (alas)
Lyes with my Children halfe forepynde:
(O lamentable case.)
My goods are spent, which labor brought,
through long and carefull toyle:
The Lawe hath lyckt vp all my wealth
for which I dyd turmoyle.
Oh, I can haue no Law nor right,
ne Money haue I nowe:
I must go beg, my goodes be gone,
to lyue I knowe not howe.
These eares of mine abhorred haue,
mine eyes haue wet my plants.
My hart hath yernd in Iudgement true,
to see such wofull wants.
Tys harde to saye, Ile holde my peace.
But if these playnts be true,
Syr Nummus swayeth there with some,
(a worthy cause to rue.)
But vnto him that highest syts,
and sees eche secrete yll,
With prayer I commytte the same,
t'amende it at his wyll.

Practisers at the Law.

And nowe to Lawiers that do parle,
and pleade in cause of right,
To such as for syr Nummus wyll
turne darknesse into lyght,

And

And lyght into obſcured ſence,
and arſiuerſie turne eche thing:
To ſuch wyll I proceede as now,
and to my matter bring.
I wyll not ſpeake of fine deuiſe,
nor kowle decepptfull clauſe,
In Leaſes, wyls, and other lyke,
but wreſting of the Lawes
And koding of the Clyent forth:
for though that fraude abound,
And though by falſely framing ſo,
eche where are beggers founde:
Yet I as nowe will blaſon forth,
and geue you well to ſee,
Howe theſe men ioyne in matters falſe,
retayned for a fee.
And ſo for Nummus long delaye
a poore and needy ſoule,
To fleeſe and flea the ſimple wretche,
to pylfer and to powle:
To ſhred him cleane from all his wealth,
and then perhaps relent,
And ware full colde to ayde his right,
when Nummus all is ſpent.
Yea lykewiſe tys in doubte with ſome,
when Nummus ſo doth fayle,
If they through bribe of thother ſyde,
let not the ſute to quayle.

A Fée of Forma pauperis ?
no no it hath no rent.
Such poꝛmall Fées finde ſmal reliefe
they buy no lande ne rent.
My friend (therfoꝛe) if you haue nought
wherewith to fee me ſtyll
But foꝛmes and ſhowes, Take foꝛmes a-
foꝛ Counſayle if you wyll. (gaine
But what ſayde I ? was promiſe made
to paint ſuch practiſe heere ?
No no: If ſo, I muſt relent:
Great matter doth appeare
Therein: and therefoꝛe will I leaue
them to the woꝛldly vewe:
I meane the falſe and ſubtil ones,
I ſpeake not of the true,
Noꝛ ſuch as are affected well
(as many there are ſuch
Although the falſe in number doo
excéede them very much.)
But well, go too: this gotten good
howe is it ſpent I praye ?
Foꝛſooth, no pooꝛe man muſt haue lande:
foꝛ ſo wyll they aſſaye
And practiſe, that in tyme they wyll
gette all into their handes,
And turne the poore men headlong foꝛth
of all both houſe and landes.

A

A ſhame it were and great repꝛoche
to ſee a pooꝛe man dwell,
Dꝛ haue a houſe not farre from theirs:
their Moles hate the ſmell.
And long (no doubt) their Moles be,
right miſcheuous of Sent:
Foꝛ that which once was lande demeaſne,
is holden nowe foꝛ rent.
They ſmell it foꝛth, though farre it be:
they haue a vengeaunce hooke:
Both Parſnage and ought beſides
theyle haue by hooke oꝛ crooke.
Their Pꝛincely Places ſtately be,
their houſes buylt foꝛ aye,
Their Turrettes vp aloft are vaylde,
foundations diepe they laye.
So thus (no doubt) and farre moꝛe yll,
they let fyꝛ Nummus wagge,
Reſeruing ſtill ſome mightie Malle
to ruſt within the bagge.
And here you ſée what wayte they laye
and eke what wayes they vſe
To get this pelfe: and gotten, ſée
how they the ſame abuſe.
The next are Petypꝛactiſers
and Petyfogging mates:
Yea, Clarkes, Attoꝛneyes, ſuch of them
as lyue of lewde debates,

Attorneyes and Petypractiſers.

Eche

Eache honeſt calling towardes Lawe,
ſo preſſed is from Sile,
That hardly can an honeſt man
with honeſty ayde.
And twiſe as hardly may he ſtande,
to ſtoppe eche ſtrayned ſhyfte.
Such boyce hath falſehood, more thē truth,
ſo deadly can they lyfte.
What crewes of greedy griping crowes,
what fowle infecting rowte,
Good Lord, what ſtore of gleaning Jacks
diſperſed are through out?
Can Lawes relieſe be eaſily got,
or gotten, can't do eaſe,
Where ſuch great troupes of bribing ſuits
muſt fyll fyr Nummus ceaſe?
Of trueth ſuch traines, of truthles mates
ſuch heapes of monſters dwell
Tweene playnts and fynall Judgements
that greater woes in hell (ſeate,
If hell were as the Poets wryte,
I thinke coulde not be felt.
Eare Sutes haue ende, ſuch chardge, ſuch
as make my harte to melt. (toyle,
But whence ayde theſe rauening rowtes?
whence ſpring they? Sure from guyle
And of diſdaine to vulgare ſtate,
wherein their Parents toyle.

Well,

Well, these be they, that what for tale
and what for falsehod great,
Doo taynt the Realme with strykes, & stop
the waye to Justice seate.
That make the iuyce of Justice sowre,
that turne the Lawes to weake,
That make true Judgemẽt talke like gall,
that nought but falsehod speake.
That liue and lustily lashe out
in purchase or in pride
More largely then of Countrey States
doth any State beside.
But here to shew what prowling means,
what prankes this pylfring sort
Doo vse to gette yr Nummus with,
and so holde vp their porte:
This this to doo, were to to harde.
Naye, this were such a woorcke
As if one only man should prease
to fight against the Turcke.
But greater, yea farre greater t'were
to clense this Thanell cleane.
I thinke Augæus Oxestalles were
to this a worcke but meane.
I knowe good Judges haue begoonne
and waded verie farre
I knowe that come, to helpe these hurtes,
right godly carefull are.

But new found Clerckes and Officers
  so preale with might and mayne,
That (Hydra like) one head cut of,
  for eary head springs twayne.
Good Lord, shall these wandring Spriets
  aye walcke abroade at wyll?
Shall Nūmus no where start, but streight
  these Catchpolles catch him styll?
Shall no mannes eye that lyues this day,
  beholde a better state?
Ah, out alas, and shall this rowte
  keede alwayes of debate?
Why then, what man shall lyue in peace?
  whose porcion shall be fast?
Whose land and lyuing shall be free
  where these men once are plast?
And where almost, or in what Soyle
  do not these Monckers swarme?
What coast frend Bertulph can you name
  where these men do not harme?
I knowe in thissame calling are
  a sort of seemely Wights
That lyue in peace, and further peace,
  that so their Countrey dights
With sounde examples of good like,
  with Justice and with truth,
That scarce from any state of men
  a better lyfe ensuth.

And

And in this speache of mine, I meane
and eke do comprehende
Not only Clerckes and Practisers
But also do intende
That Counsaylers haue equall praise
and higher praise in deede
By howe much they in higher place
and higher thinges proceede.
But these, all these are nowe so matcht
and ouerswayde with swarmes:
That seeld and seldome can they helpe
to keepe the good from harmes.
I wishe to God some Theseus
might giue a choppe or twayne
And rather then these heads should stand,
to choppe and choppe againe.
Nowe, wheras Bertulph here perhaps
you looke I should declare
How this great Rabble rakes for coyne,
and howe they Nummus snare:
I tell you as I tolde you earst,
this is too much for me:
The pennes of twenty skilfull men
for this would needefull be.
In briefe, yet thus I dare affyrme
that these superfluous traynes
In Lawyers state, vse fowle deceytes
t'inlarge their priuate gaynes.

Which gotten once, is lewdly ſpent
in pompe and prowde araye,
To whoſe lowle rapine ſéely wightes
are ofte and ofte a praye.
I leaue them as I lefte the reſt,
I touche and go my wayes.
This ſhort diſcourſe ſhewes well enough
howe here lyz Nummus ſwayes.

Finis.

The thyrde Satyr.

Paule. Auert we nowe who elſe there be
that graſping gape for gaine,
And let vs place them in the cue
amongſt this gréedy traine.

Phiſitions. Phiſitions take the ſeconde roome,
for worthy ſo they be:
They ſtately ſtalcke, and beare a port
in London now we ſee.
With reuerence and worſhip great,
with cap and eake with knee,
Wee muſt beſeche his Maiſterſhip
our Patient to ſee.

And

And what of this? will this suffice?
No: Nummus doth the deede.
Vnguentum Aureum or such lyke
will make him runne with speede.
Go Symon go, or Gilbert else,
go call my footecloth on?
No niede to byd the Doctor go,
he will be gone anon.
And when hées there, with solempne face
and graue deuised porte
He frames his talke for to perswade
or else for to dehorte
As lykes him best: he both can doo,
and both so finely frame,
That Nummus shall be nymmed streight.
O passing prety game?
Who would not blushe to sée such frawde,
and such fine framed knacks?
Who would not hate the falsehoode byle
of these so pieuish Jackes?
And (soothly if I should affirme)
I heare so much deceat
Of theirs in progging after gaine,
as tongue can not repeat.
And (as of course) I doo demaunde
howe they doo spend the same?
Forsooth, I heare no good they doo:
No man can iustly blame

Or ought accuſe them of good déedes.
But this my ſelfe can ſaye,
That moſt thereof that I ſée ſpent,
is on apparell gaye.
For but of late, ene thus I heard
a worthy Doctor ſay:
My matters frame not as I would,
Ile worke ſome other way.
I ſee theſe wéedes be not to weare.
Ile henceforth ſo prouide,
That I will haue a prétie Nagge
about the Towne to ride.
Ile haue a footecloath, and each thing
belonging to the ſame:
My fellow Doctor hath the lyke,
and paſſing fyes his name.
A Gowne with graundcape will I haue,
a ſwinging Veluet Cap,
A Coate according verie braue:
and then ſhe be my hap,
With mighty lookes, and learning ſuch
as God hath giuen mée,
Ile hooke fyr Nummus to my handes,
and make the Ruddockes flée
For feare almoſt into my purſe.
Ile leaue my ſimple gate,
Ile rather frame my ſelfe to ride
lyke one of high eſtate.

And

And what? were theſe but ſcoffing words?
Yes ſure, hée (earneſt bent)
Hath ſo purueyde, that now he hath
euen all for that intent.
And thus you ſée with how great care
they ſeeke t'enrich their ſtore,
You ſee the pride that they mayntaine
through this exceſſiue lore.
And (well I wote) none other meanes
of ſpence at all I ſée,
But only ſuch as wicked are:
(if any elſe there be.)
Wherefore, it ſeemes they hoorde it vp
and hyde it from the Sunne:
They couer't cloſe, and lock it faſt
tyll more thereto be wonne.
They giue ſmall almes as I can heare,
for beggars barcke apace,
And ſay that they of all men woorſt
relieue their wofull caſe:
Their pride is great, and high they looke
for feare of waxing lowe:
Theyle giue no place to any man
where ere they hap to go.
I well recorde a prettie tale
alluding to a truthe:
I force not much to tell it you.
Harke how the ſame enſuthe?

A Ciuilian, or a Canonist, or both.

Once hapt it (through a fowle mischance)
that great debate did ryse
Betweene a Doctor in the Law
(for so th'example lyes)
And Doctor (eke) of Phisick, who
should haue the vpper hande
In each assembly where they met
to walke, to syt or stande.
The Lawyer layed for him selfe
and sayde well to the case,
Phisition dyd full wisely to
and with a goodly grace:
Alledging well (euen both of them)
lyke handsome learned men.
But nought could be agreed vpon.
So fell the matter then,
That they vnto the Pretor would
for to decyde the same.
They made relation of the case
and finely gan it frame.
The Pretor when he heard the dolts
contend about a Straw,
Was soone content to iudge the same,
and askte the man of Law
Who went vnto the Gallowes first,
the Hangman or the Thiefe?
Who formost was of both them two
and which was there the chiefe?

The

The Hangman quoth the Lawyer tho,
for he doth kyll the man:
The Hangman he muſt go before,
the Theeke muſt follow. Than
Quoth Pretor harke. This is my minde
and iudgement in the caſe.
Phiſition he muſt go before,
and Lawyer giue him place.
Why then (quoth Bertulph) by your tale Bertulph.
Phiſitions men doo kyll.
And Lawyers liue by robbing men,
and ſo their Cokers kyll.
Whereby with pride emboſte they ſwell,
and whereby (raging) they
T'aduaunce themſelues to honors type
vnlawfull meanes aſſay.
Yea ſure (quoth Paule) and ſo they doo Paule.
a number of them now.
But as for our Phiſitions,
their cunning knoweth how
Such are the euyll ſort.
Al well to kyll, as to purloyne:
they are expert in all.
And force not (ſo that Nummus come)
which way their ſtaffe doo fall.
A Potion to cure all kinde of diſeaſes and griefes.
One hath a Potion for to ſerue
and cure eche kinde of grieke,
Heele ſell a quart for fortie pence.
This fellow is the chiefe

And

And ſineſt chylde in talking of
mens waters when they néede.
Héele byd the healthy get him home
and make his Wyll with ſpéede.
Although he liue from that tyme long,
without all kinde of paine.
Héele make him doubt and dread his life,
and all for filthy gaine.
‡He wyll perſwade that men haue lyu'de
in whordome and exceſſe,
Where neuer raigned fond affect,
and whoredome much the leſſe.
Another is ſo Doltlyke ſéene
and learnedly beguylde,
That when he ſeeth your vrine, he
wyll ſay you be with childe
Although you be a man: for ſure
but littie miſſe he
And ſo full many of them play,
ſo Buſſardlike they be.
O Paule, quoth Bertulph, giue mée leaue
to interrupt you here.
For by your patience, yle requite
the tale you tolde whyle ere.
Content quoth Paule (and with good wyll)
I am right well apayde
To heare thy tale: my talke ſhall ceaſe
tyll thou thy minde haue ſayde.

‡*Carnificis potius Medici quàm nomine dignus.*

There

There dwelt (somtime) where I was born Bertulph.
a perfite cunning man,
A good Phisition well beseene:
and so it happed than,
That he should ryde abroade to see
a Patient of his.
He had a man that roade with him
(a soly Knaue ywis.)
The Doctor drawe his Horse apace
and roade with mery cheere.
He longed sore to see the place
where Nummus should appeere.
But as he pricked forth in haste,
by chaunce he did espie
A sort of Felons in a Carte
adiudged there to die.
And musing what y^e^ prease should meane,
he sent his man with speede,
To knowe the cause of all the crowde:
his man performde the deede.
And posting, soone he did perceyue
the Theeues to hanging prest.
He turnd his Horse at sight thereof:
To flye, he thought it best.
And so he dyd with sturdie pace,
He gallopt on his way.
And as a man halfe skarde, he fled
as nought might make him stay.

His

His Maister lowdly askte the cause
why he dyd ryde so fast.
O Maister saue your selfe (quoth he)
I vize you make good haste.
The Doctor swallowde vp with feare,
spurde Cut and made away.
And tyll he came within a myle,
his Horse did neuer stay.
But when hée came vnto himselfe,
he called backe his man
And him demaunding cause of griefe,
the fellowe thus began.
O Maister, thanke we God (quoth he)
for this our good escape:
Else surely had we swinged both
within an hempen Tape.
For yonder, where the prease was so,
I sawe thrée handsome men
Which for the death of only one,
were to be hanged then.
But when I sawe that they (for one)
were all adiudgde to dye,
No néede to byd mee haste me thence,
no néede to byd mée flye:
For well I wyst, if you were séene
which haue a number slaine,
You should haue bene trust vp in haste
and neare returnde againe.

The

The Doctor being thus informde,
knew not what best to say.
He thought as chyldish him to take
and lightly him to way.
Wyse man you are no doubt, (quoth he)
the Vicar of saint Fooles
Go thriue you: for you haue bene taught
in some well learned schooles.
Shrewde foole quoth Paule, I warrāt you, Paule.
but fooles and chyldren oft
Doo tell the truth: for all men know
their tongues are very soft.
But well, no doubte, yet some there be
in London (whome I know)
That both do gette yᵗ Nummus well,
and well the same bestowe.
That leade no doubt a vertuous lyfe,
and lyue in Godly feare:
That goodes to get by meanes peruerse
at all times wyll forbeare.
Of those I haue not talcked here,
nor of the honest sort.
But such as (galled) seeme to kicke,
herein I doo exhort
To keepe their patience when they see
their faults reproued heere:
For sure I am that in my tale
gainst good doth nought appeere.

And

And ſo I leaue them to the Lorde,
and bid them all adue.
My tongue in order muſt recorde
ſuch things as do enſue.
Finis.

The fourth Satyr.

Apotheca-ries & Sur-geons. Paule.

THapothecarie here I leaue,
which ſo for Nummus tugges,
That he y^e^ people noyes with pelfe,
and filthy ſtincking drugges.
So let I paſſe the Surgeon,
who with his fowle deceyte,
Doth hooke fyr Nummus to his handes
and takes him at receyte.
The pelting patches will preſume
to practiſe Phiſick, and
Will miniſter lyke learned men
in places of the Land.
Let go ſuch Squibs: I know them not.
Yet people do complaine:
And well I wote, they vſe ſuch wayes
for meare intent to gaine.
A rablement of rakhall Roges
as if weeld harrow hell,
I thinke we ſhould not finde the lyke
in Plutoes houſe to dwell.

But

But let them packe, Ile palle them ore.
Perhaps there many be
Both honeſt, good, and expert men,
they ſhall goe by for me.
And now yle turne me to my tale,
and (as my courſe doth tende)
To euyll ſort of Marchaunt men — Marchant men.
the ſequele wyll I bende.
Lets ſee (I praye) howe they turmoyle
and fixe their whole intent
To catche fyr Nummus by the coate.
Let's ſee how they be bent
And ſole addicted vnto gaine.
One runnes me to the Indes,
To Gynnie, Spaine, and Calecut: — Not the deede but the intent is to be miſliked.
where he ſuch chaffare findes,
As (there although it coſt him ſmall)
wyll bring him here a pounde:
Yea, ten perhaps, or elſe they lye
which in ſuch welth abounde.
Another ſkuds me ore the Seas,
and fully fraught with toyes,
He brings them into London, where
at length he welth enioyes.
The people are ſo fondly bent,
theyle chaunge their Cheeſe for chalck.
And for ſuch pelting pieuiſh traſhe,
theyle let good chaffare walck.

Pueros puerilia decent.

O fooliſhe, fonde and doltiſhe mones,
oh men deuoyde of wit,
O Capons cramde with barly corne:
howe farre are ſtones vnfit
For ſuch pyld palting pieuiſh Cockes?
howe yll beſtowde is welth
On ſuch new fangled fondiſh foltes
which chaunge the fame for pelth?
One bringes mee oze a painted Pzieſt,
another bzinges a Munne,
And ſhops are fraught with toyes, where-
are Engliſh people wonne. (with
Another grounded well in wealth,
(acquainted with the guyle)
Doth bzing vs in ſuch daynties, as
the man can beſt deuiſe.
Some elſe there be, and many ſuch
(chiefe Marchaunts in the Towne)
That for our Peacocks plumes doo bzing
and fylcks the ſtreame adowne:
They knowe the Lawes doo lymit where,
and what ſuch ſhould be wozne,
And they ſuch Lawes to execute,
haue eſtſoones office bozne.
And yet for that their gaine is ſuch
and wealth ſo great therby,
They muſt forbeare, and winckíng walk.
The Lawes muſt lawleſſe lye:

A Foole wyll not giue his bable for the Tower of London.

And

And Varlets vaunt about the ſtreate,
lyke men of high eſtate:
Their Holen ſtrowting kozth with ſilcke,
and plumes vpon their pate.
The Raſkalles now muſt roame abzoade
lyke men of honeſt pozt:
And Strumpets ſtately in attire
lyke Ladies muſt reſozt
To places where them ſelues thinke beſt
without all kinde of doubt:
They cuſtomde are about the Towne
and ſhall be bozne out.
It ſéemeth ſo vndoubtedly:
koz nothing is amended.
Although the Lawes haue ſharply ſet
and puniſhment extended.
Nowe, other ſome vagaries ketch
abzoade I wote ner where,
And they bzing in moſt pleaſaunt ſpice
with Hops and other geare:
Theſe make fine mouthed Gentlemen.
Foz who but Marchaunts now?
Who wallow moze in wealth than they
lyke péeres I wote ner how?
Yea, who are they but Marchauntmen
that haue the coſtly kare?
Who now in banquets with theſe men
are able to compare?

Such as bring them in for intent aforeſayde are to be blamed.

I ſpeake not of the trade but of the corruption of

the trade & abuſe of the ſame.

For ſuch ſtraunge ſtore of diuers meates
and diſhes finely wrought?
Who hath the lyke? no man beſides.
Welnigh it coſtes them nought.
They ſell ſo deare and take ſuch gaine,
that well they may abourde
To ſet fine Marchpanes and ſuch lyke
vpon their ſeruaunts bourde.
Thus may we ſée theſe kinde of men
how they for Nummus prodde:
A man would thinke that ſoothly they
take Nummus for a Godde.

Although they haue money in ſuch price, yet euyll gotten goodes ſhall be ill ſpent.

They labor ſo with might and maine,
they ſo beſturre their ſtumpes,
They exercile ſuch ackward wayes
to bring it in by lumps.
They ſcratch, they ſcrape, they miſe, they muſe
at night when they ſhould reſt,
They ſearche their ſenſes and bethinke
howe to obteyne it beſt.
And ah alas, ſome do deuiſe
to let it out for gaine:
Such gaine as at the length will bring
to them infernall paine.
And (not content with fowle deceyt
that they in ſale do vſe)
Some of them do in lone alas
their countrymen abuſe.

Let

Let Preachers crye and tell them ont,
but nothing will preuayle:
They flocke, they floute, and ieſt at it.
They bid them kille their tayle.
They haue no ſhame, but (braſen falde)
they ſtick not it to call
A gaineſome Occupation.
And ſo the people fall
From honeſt ſtate, to plaine bankrowte
through ſuch their Wooluiſh wayes.
The Commons neare were ſo oppreſt
as in theſe wofull dayes.
They hooke, they hawke for Nummus ſo,
they cogge, they foyſt and powle,
They lay ſuch ſnares by broking meanes,
that thus they Nummus towle.
A thouſande meanes ſiniſtre, they
account and call exchaunge,
Although thereby be men vndone:
the caſe is verie ſtraunge.
And wofull tyes no doubt to ſée
how lightly they do way
Th'account which muſt be made by them
to God another day.
They are right wiſe in worldly wytte:
ſurpaſſing is their braine.
But oh, they do applie the ſame
to nothing elſe but gaine.

A lamentable caſe.

And when they haat, how is it ſpent?
Attende a whyle, and you
Shall haue it layde before your eyes
and let vnto the vew.
This day, my Lorde his ſpeciall friende
muſt dyne with him (no naye)
His Partners, Friendes and Aldermen:
wherefore he muſt puruaye
Both Capon, Swan, and Hernſhoe good,
fat Bitture, Larcke and Quayle:
Right Plouer, Snype, and Woodcock fine
with Curlew, Wype and Rayle:
Stonetiuets, Teale, and Pecteales good,
with Buſterd fat and plum,
Fat Pheaſaunt Powt, and Plouer baſe
for them that after come.
Stent, Stockard, Stampine, Tāterueale,
and Wigeon of the beſt:
Puyt, Partrich, Blackbirde and
fat Shoueler with the reſt.
Two Warrants eke he muſt prouide
to haue ſome Venſon fat,
And meanes héele make for red Déere too,
(there is no nay of that.)
And néedefully he muſt prouide
(although we ſpeake not ont)
Both Peacock, Crane, and Turkicock,
and (as ſuch men are wont.)

He

He muſt forſee that he ne lacke
colde bakemeates in the ende:
With Cuſtards, Tarts, and Florentines,
the banquet to amende.
And (to be ſhort and knit it vp)
he muſt not wanting ſée
Straunge kindes of fyſh at ſecond courſe
to come in their degrée.
As Porpeſſe, Seale and Salmond good
with Sturgeon of the beſt
And Turbot, Lobſter, with the lyke
to furniſh out the feaſt.
All this theyle haue, and elſe much more,
fydes Marchpane and gréene Chéeſe,
Stewde wardens, Prunes, & ſweete con-
with ſpiced Wine like Lées. (ſerues
Grieneginger, Sucket, Suger Plate,
and Marmaladie fine: (bread.
Blauncht Almonds, Peares and Ginger
But Peares ſhould we aſſigne
And place before (as méete it is)
at great mens boordes: for why,
Rawe fruites are firſt in ſeruice ſtyll,
Elſe Seruing men doo lye.
But now me thinkes, one quips me vp
and ſpurs a queſtion héere.
He ſayes (forſooth) that I miſlike
to haue men kéepe good chéere.

In déede, the ſtomack ouercharḋgde
and man full gorgde with meate,
Doth make the minde and inwarde man
vnfit for reaſons ſeate.
For chaunge no doubt annoyes the man,
and meate not well indewde,
Doth make the ſame ſcant halke a man
if reaſon be renewde.
And what of this? ſhoulde this reformde,
houſe kéeping now depell?
No ſure, for hoſpitalitie
becomth them very well.
But that this chiere is alway ſuch,
I plainely do deny.
Some feaſt great men for frendſhip ſake,
and let the poore go by.
They rather doot to oppreſſe the poore,
and by ſuch friendſhip got,
The poore haue nought within their hands
which they get to them not.
For what through frendſhip welth & force
no one enioyes the thing,
That (if they lyke) come will not coone
into their clouches bring.
But goods yll gote, are euyll ſpent.
And howe can they beſtowe
Their welth on poore and Preachers true
Which through decept did growe?

No

No fie, t'were ſhame and fowle repꝛoche
t'aue beggers at their boꝛde:
An't ſeemes (ſome thinke) all yll beſtowde
that's ſpent t'encreaſe Gods woꝛde.
Foꝛ (woꝛſe then this) ſome cannot byde
t'aue beggers at their gate,
Noꝛ not repine when Pꝛeachers lyue
in meane and ſimple ſtate.
O Labirinths of lothſome luſt,
O helliſh humane harts,
O beaſtly belching bely gods
that thus their ſtoꝛe conuarts:
O lumpiſhe Luſkes, that lieſter had
to haue of Uiands ſtoꝛe:
To winne the Rytchman, then to ſéede
the begger at their doꝛe.
O ſtony harts, that moꝛe eſtéeme
a Monckey tyde with chaine,
Then their pooꝛe bꝛother, foꝛ whoſe ſake
Chꝛiſte Jeſus ſuffeꝛde paine.
O wicked Wights of wooluiſh kinde,
which ſo the Lambes deuoweꝛe,
And cꝛackly cram themſelues with ſpoyle
of needy ſoules each howꝛe.
And (moꝛe then this:) foꝛ how doth walck
Sir Nummus day by daye?
How trudgeth it to buy the Wife
and Daughter fine arraye?

They must not go as other doo.
Wherefore, they must deuise
To haue them knowne from cõmon sort
by some newfangled guise.
T'is meete therefore, as they do not
with courtlyke Dames compare,
Euen so they should from townish wiues
their garments new repaire.
And so (forsooth) his wife must haue
prepared out of hand,
Gaye garments of the finest stuffe
that is within the land.
She must haue Partlet, Square & Lace,
with Chaine about hir neck:
She must haue costly kinde of chaunge,
and all thinges at hir beck.
Hir Daughter also must be clad
well lyke a Ladies feere,
And all to walcke about the streate
with hir true Louer deere.
What tho? Forsooth, she must not wed
but with some wealthie man,
And one that must be grounded rych,
though honest when he can.
And thus I say (alwell t'is seene)
sayre Parnell must be prankt
And walcke at wyll: whereby it haps
oft tymes that she is banckte.

And

And all through meanes euen of hir Sire
which so consumes his good,
And ioyes therein, more then to giue
the hungrie wretch his foode.
Thaunce some men see good déedes they do.
But in good sooth not I
(Though many naught) can vnderstand,
T'were sinne on them to lye.
And nowe, as some you see to scrape
by vyle sinistre wayes:
So may you sée them spend as yll
in these our later dayes.
I meane for so much as they spend.
But well haue we to weete,
Their hoording and their Chesting vp
is all as farre vnmeete
As this their spence and filthy trade,
as this their prowling guise,
As this their building all for gaine
and profite to ayse:
As this their hatefull vyle contempt
of poore and needy Wights:
As this their robbing and their stealth.
As these their sinfull slights.
The poore complaine and wanting, crye
through hunger halfe forepinde:
And some through want, about them haue
their fainting breath resigned.

And

And yet their Cofers farced lye.
Their Bags are filde at full.
But wote you what? it is reserv'de
For Tib his pretie Trull,
And Dick his Boy that dappart ladde:
which for his fake, perchaunce
Euen both of them, when he is gone,
wyll make fyr Nummus daunce.
But alwayes this is not the cauſe
of ſuch their ſpitefull hoord.
For certs I thinke they neuer looke
at all to come aboord
In crooked Charons vgly Boate:
Or elſe perhaps they thinke
(As long they haue) the Pope ſhall purge
and ſaue them all for chinke.
And in the meane time weene they beſt
to couer't cloſe and fine,
And bring more toot, t'encreaſe the heape.
This iudgement is of mine.
Elſe thinges amiſſe, before expreſt,
ſhould nere ſo yll remaine,
But ſoone they would reforme them well
and make them ſtreight againe.
Which ſo to do, God graunt them grace,
And clenſe their fylthie mindes:
That Auarice maye once decay
which ſo their body bindes,

And

And ſubiect makes to vyle deuiſe,
to Vſurie and deceate,
That naught they are, and wyll perſiſt
tyll grace do blow retreate.
I ende with them: protecting ſtyll
I touch no good man héere,
But ſuch as through theſe words of mine
ſhall wrathfull bent appéere.
For ſure I am that many ſuch,
and men vpright remaine,
Exempted from this talke of mine.
Who neuer yet with ſtaine
Or ſpot of beaſtly Vſurie
or vile notorious vice,
Were once corrupted or infect.
which are diſcrete and wiſe.
And (truth it is) they nill diſdaine
at this troth telling tale.
And for the reſt, let them adue,
my tongue muſt further vale.

Finis.

The fift Satyr.

THis ſtraūge to ſée what ſmall account
men nowe a dayes do make:
How ſlightly they let ſlip the paine
of Brimſtone burning lake.

Howe

How fondly they perſwade them ſelues
(at leaſt how they ſuppoſe)
That grieſly death ſhall neuer ſtrike,
That eyne ſhall neuer cloſe.
O ſottiſh ſinfull brittle age.
O mad and blockiſh Nome.
O doltiſh foole, and wilfull wretch
that here doſt hope for home
And dwelling aye vnto thy ſelfe.
Howe art thou wilfull blinde?
I tell thee, I, thou hence ſhalt flit
lyke duſt blowne forth with winde.
Let wearish wimpled age growe on:
let head be hoarie white,
And olde be thou: yet at the laſt
blackwinged death ſhall ſmite.
But what is he can promiſe heere
him ſelfe to liue a day?
No doubt not one. Death vnawares
ſhall take our life away.
And when we thinke vs ſureſt, then
moſt often doth he ſtrike.
O then why do we lyngre on
to ſleepie ſluggerds lyke?
O, why ſhould men thus mucker vp
ſuch falſely gotten gaine?
Or why ſhould they by wicked wayes
ſeeke wealth for to obtaine?

But

But ſoft a while, what neede theſe words? as good to holde my peace:
For loe how Banckrowts ginne for gaine to put them ſelues in preaſe.
Shall fraude lye hid vnfriended now? Shall fowle Deceyt be gon?
Shall Wylie want? No, harcke a while, and you ſhall heare anon.
Some men there be that beare a porte, and liue lyke to the beſt.
That feaſt, y' ſlow, that chop, that chaūge, and practiſe with the reſt.
That Office beare, and worthy ſeeme through welth to weelde the charge.
That ſaue, that ſpende, & bargaines make, that keepe their trade at large.
That warie worke, and winde to them good credite in the ende.
That get ſuch friendes as wyll not ſtick a thouſand pound to lende.
Oft more oft leſſe: almoſt as much as they can well demaunde.
For why, their credite now is ſuch, that they may men commaunde.
But what of this? Euen this forſooth. Theyle ſhut vp doore anon,
Theyle giue vp office, trade and all: farewell, they will be gone.

Banckrowtes.

I haue made a dyfference betweene the wilfull and the cōtrarie.

When

When they haue gote the moſt they can,
they wyll become banckrowte,
They wyll no longer ſtykeled be
amongſt the honeſt rowte.
They can no longer byde the trade
which honeſt men do vſe.
They kéepe at home amongſt their bags,
Theyle honeſty refuſe.
Theyle lurking lye lyke Théeke in denne,
lyke Dzane vpon the ſpoyle.
Theyle greaſe their lips, & fat their paũch,
with honeſt Marchaunts toyle.
O dzeyzie dzegges of dampiſhe caue,
O fowle infernall fiendes,
O tryple ſtinged Vipers bzoode,
O hagges of helliſhe mindes.
O Cyclops ſuch as ſtyll deuoure
the ſheepe of forreine foldes,
O bzockiſh beaſtes with rauine gozgde:
that lurcke within their holdes.
Shall dulkie dzolle of Dytis caue
denie infecting death?
Shall Orcus ſpare with ſkalding ſkozrch
to noye their vitall bzeath?
No ſure, the pitchie burning pit,
and Limboes flaming Lake
Shall yolpe them vp, except they yéelde
the goodes which they did take.

Dz

Or elſe to powre requite the ſame,
But this they neuer thinck:
For marck how they do ſtill beſtowe
this beaſtly gotten chinck.
And here I muſt aduertiſe you
that ſome beſides there bie
Which oft by meanes becom banckrowte
(as dayly we may ſie.)
For ſome excéede and ſo abounde
in Epicureous fare,
That ſo at length they banckrowte be
and bring them ſelues full bare.
And otherſome through great excelle
and prowde ſurpaſſing charge,
In braue arraye do bring them ſelues
into Cock lorrels Barge.
When ere ſawe you their Dames ſo nice,
and wiues ſo richly clad?
When wiſt you Women ere ſo proude,
or Huſbandes ere ſo mad?
O where are Matrones now become?
O where are Huſbands graue?
Where are ye Wiues that tooke ſuch care
their honeſty to ſaue?
Woulde Matrones walcke or Wiues diſ-
with ſyluer ſhining browes (creet
From ſtreat to ſtreat? no, rather they
would keepe within their howſe.

Would

Would Matrons ſkud to common games
and prancke in earie preaſe?
No, tys to vyle, I loath to tell.
Ile therefore holde my peace.
Tys this, tys this, yᵗ Banckrowts breede.
This brings the wife yll name.
The husband thus is bare through ſpence,
and wife naught by the ſame.
And nowe you ſee a difference
twéene him that banckrowte is
Of vyle intent, and him that falles
through great exceſſe of his.
But both of theſe perhaps a lyke
by fraude haue Nummus gote,
Though both in care and wanting pine
lyng not lyke dolefull note.
And nowe, (as to my promiſe made
at fyrſt when I began)
Fooles and Royſters. Ile place fyr Nummus caught by Fooles
and Royſters now and than.
A wiſe man dyes, and welthy leaues
his ſonne in goodes and lands.
The young man (when he is of age)
takes all into his handes.
And ſtreight to Court, or Innes of Court,
he goes to leade his lyfe)
Where franck he is, and youthfull bent
for why, haas Nummus tyfe.

Or

Or elſe, if not: So he han lande
or ought that's Money worth,
He ſhall not want of Marchauntmen
fine ſlicks to ſet him forth.
For Money will they ſtick at all
to lende him at his neede.
As long as ought he doth poſſeſſe,
theyle neuer ceaſe to feede
My yonker and yong Maiſter ſo.
And he (when once he ſees
The bridle layde vpon his necke)
is loath much time to leeſe.
For why, he wiſht it long before:
And ſith he doth eſpie
The matter wholy in his handes,
why ſhould he longer lye
Lyke blunt John Whoball all at home?
No fie, heele haſte him now.
Both lybertie and Thinck ynough
himſelfe he will allow.
And ſtreightway (elſe the world is hard)
He meetes with Copesmates, ſuch
As to exalt and ſet him forth,
at all will nothing grutch.
And hée forſooth muſt foremoſt be
in euery braue attempt.
Who eare be one, yong Maiſter muſt
at no time be exempt.

Héele be the chiefe within the Walke
and chiefe in bancquet: hée
Shall lyt exalted to the Sunne,
Euen to the tenth degrée.
And now and then (elſe ſcapes he well)
heele haue a ſpyrt at Dice.
He wantes no mates to bring him too't
by ſlight and fine deuice.
He muſt haue walkinges in the night:
he muſt be braue and fine.
He muſt be of the hoygh no doubt.
He neuer muſt repine
Although it be to ſit it oute
all night in coſtly game.
And (more then this) he muſt not ſtick
to paye for all the ſame.
And when he ſeemely ſeemeth once,
and thinks well of himſelfe,
Then, then no doubt he is ſtird vp
to ſpende this noyſome pelfe.
And then (I ſaye) with poſting ſpeede
he muſt be gaylie dect
In colours of his Ladie, and
therein not ought neglect
That's incident to euery ſute:
Of chaunge he muſt haue ſtoze,
And frame himſelfe full featly then
to euery luſty loze.

And

And doubtleſſe then he is ſo drowndē
in pleaſure and in pride,
That nought at all may him withdrawe:
It hath bene often tride.
Yea, though at length he feele great ſmart
through that he made away:
Yet is his minde ſo hawtie then,
that he can make no ſtay.
For wote you what, vſe cuſtome brings,
and yongker thus doth ſay:
Shall I make ſpare whyle ought is left
and ſo lyue wanting? Naye,
It were a ſhame and great reproche,
if I that euer haue
As yet lyu'de lyke a Gentleman,
ſhould now lyue like a ſlaue.
And ſo my chylde no chaungling is,
tyll all be ſpent and gone:
And till his mates him needie leaue
and comfortleſſe alone.
From which time forth if ought he haue,
whereof may Nummus ryſe:
He will lyue ſhifting til't be gone.
Then forth of Towne he flyes
And keepes the high way ſide (perchaunce)
to lyue by theft and ſpoyle:
Till Tyborne twitch him by the neck
and Hangman giue the foyle.

So that's the ende of all his wealth
and ending of the man.
But goods perhaps were euill gote:
and who can marualle than
Though that the same were all consumde
in filthy vaine expence?
And who will doubt that gallowes should
such Dingthrifts recompence?
But one thing I do here lament
and tys most wicked sure,
Tys noysome, vyle and beastly trade,
yet most of all in vre.
A Gentleman his childe doth sende
t'apply his studies here,
With hope to haue him do the same
as daylie doth appere,
The youth ofte tymes declyneth streight
as apt to youthly guile:
And sets his minde to make him braue
with all he may deuise.
The Citizen when that he sies
the bruite so brauely bent,
Doth closely search the yong mans state,
and learnes the whole extent
Of all his possibilitie,
which knowne, he will not spare
For friendship sake vnto the same
of loane to let his ware.

The

The yong man hauing welth at wyll
and all thinges at requeſt,
Byds booke adue, and cuts it out
as brauelie as the beſt.
How vyle this is, let all men iudge.
how oft it comes to paſſe,
The yongmen brought to naught therby,
are witneſſes alas.
Oh, where is loue or feare of God?
Wher's faith for to be found?
Wher's friendſhip, truth and honeſtie?
Where doth not Fame reſound
The beaſtly prancks of wicked men?
Wher's one that thinks of God?
Wher's one that doubts or feareth ought
the ſharpneſſe of his rod?
How few be there that tread the pathes
or trace Dame vertues ſteps?
How many rather be there now
that quite from vertue leps?
O wofull caſe: the beſt almoſt
do much account it now
If they from vile notorious faultes
at any time do bow.
How talke our tatlers of the truth
and Scripture ſtill diſcuſſe?
How lyue they quite contrarie yet
for all their talking thus?

How earnest bent are men as now
to heare the worde of God?
(I meane professors of the trueth.)
How farre yet liue they od?
They crie Lord Lord, and God be praysde:
but streight within an howre,
That heate of theirs is colde as stone.
Such heate hath made them sowre.
O thou good God and Father kinde:
were not thy mercies great,
Thou wouldst destroy these men with fire
from thy supernall seat.
O heauenlie Prince of glorie: and
O thou alone Iehoue,
Thou God of grace, oh louing Christ,
yond whome we can not roaue
Or raunge aright: yond whome no man
can perfite blisse attaine:
Thou only one, and all in one,
yond whome doth nought remaine:
Giue grace vnto thy wandring sheepe.
Fetch home the same againe,
Sith blood of thine hath them redeemde
from sharpe infernall paine.
Graunt graunt (O God) thy holy spreete
to guide, defend and keepe
All such as in most lothsome sinne,
are yet not falne a sleepe.

Saue

Saue thine elect from noysome trade
of worldly minded men:
Let not the custome of the worlde
their lyke with vices blen.
From place to place, from streat to streat,
from house to house, alas:
Yea, and well nigh from man to man
doth sinfull lyuing passe.
Not words preuaile, nor preaching ought,
can turne the peoples harts:
No kinde of thing can moue their minds.
O, death is their desarts,
O, Hell their hire, and burning flame,
is guerdon of their diedes:
No one almost in hart doth beare
the true repentaunt seedes.
O, horror doth possesse my heade,
And whyle through towne I trace,
Deepe cutting cares annoy my hart,
to see such want of grace.
No sparckle, iote or small remaine,
no signe of godly feare,
No badge at all of christen men
doth any person weare
Or keepe almost throughout the Towne,
O, what a case is this,
Not one to finde that feareth God,
but all to do amisse?

And all to wander from good lyke
(full few alas exempt)
And all to worke that wicked is
and beastly vile attempt?
O God, howe often do I wishe
to be deuided cleane
From all the dealings in the worlde,
and to God only leane?
How often do I seeke some trade,
and solitarie lyke.
How fayne would I depart the place
where sinnes be now so ryfe.
The world doth tempt, & nought remains
in his due practise now:
Eche kinde of trade corrupted is,
alas, I know not how.
Nothing almost is exercisde
without some vile deceyt:
Fraude, falsehood, theft and pilfring, oft
in matters are of weyght.
The worldlings weene & thinke no doubt
there is none other place
But ground and graue, and so they runne
and keepe their woonted race.
What helpen teares or wayling grieke?
what ought at all preuayles
Gods worde sincere? They keepe theyr
they haue set vp theyr sayles (course:

Of

Of deadly ſinnes and hatefull hellish lyke.
They runne and will not ſtay.
They keepe themſelues in darkſom holes.
They hate to ſee the day.
Looke looke throughout their dealings all,
and you ſhall nothing finde
But couen, craft, and kylthy loze,
They haue good lyke reſignde.
Lets ſift & ſearche our ſelues throughout.
Lets rippe our inwarde man:
Let's way our ſelues eué with our ſelues,
And we ſhall ſee vs than,
And finde our ſelues but dzolle and death
and fowle infected Swine.
Moſt vglome ſhapes, and creatures, ſuch
as I can not deſine.
What faith in bargaines can be found?
What ſtoze of othes muſt bée
In eche compact? And yet in ende
what fallehod do we ſée?
Not Marchaunt vſeth onely fraude:
noz men of greateſt méede.
But eche one now that bargaine makes,
hath fallehod in his déede.
How oft and daylie haps it now
that chyldzen do begin
Whezе Parents ended, and do ende
where Parents did begin?

The

The parents beggers firſt began,
They ende great men of wealth.
The ſonne begins a welthy man:
and endes his lyfe by ſtealth,
Or wofull wanting ſimple ſtate.
How oft comes this to paſſe?
Tys daylie ſéene of common courſe,
it happeth ſtill alas.
Shall welth that's woonne by fraude, be
ſhall riches ſuch deſcende (kept?
From heire to heire? No no, ſuch welth
ſhall quickly haue an ende.
It cannot bide, nor proſper well.
But who doth that regarde?
Who yet for welth moſt vyle deceyt
at any tyme hath ſparde?
No one well nighe: (the world is ſuch.)
And here doth come to minde
The palling pride in common ſort
which now eche where we finde.
Such is their rage, and fowle affect,
that though their bellies want:
Their backs muſt brauely clothed be:
apparell nothing ſcant.
For what cauſe elſe they do reſerue
eche where the Saboth day,
But for to ſette about the ſtreates
in palling braue array?

The

The welthy ſort exceede their ſtate,
and meane degree the ſame:
The common ſort wyll do the lyke.
So all goes out of frame:
And Royſters ruffle all about
and tolle the Bylbow blade,
And to maintaine ſuch vyle excelle,
beholde what ſhifts be made?
Such cogging, foyſting, collening:
ſuch kylching, theft and guile:
Such pelting, pylfring, pieuiſh drifts,
as are almoſt to vyle
And beaſtly to be named once.
Ile therefore ſilent bee:
For ſure I am ſuch lyke of theirs
all men may plainly ſee.
Ther's brothel baytes, & whoring dēes:
Ther's lurcking ſtrumpets lodge:
Ther's ſtuffe eche where for lufty Swath
for Simkin, Dick, and Hodge.
Looke looke the Lanes about the Towne,
and ſearch eche corner through:
And you ſhall finde I doubt not I
of broken ware ynough:
Corrupt at leaſt much ſeemes to be:
ſo brightly ſhine the browes,
So prickt & prankt, ſo lyckt and trimde
is Banckrowtes prety ſpouſe.

Search

Search Tauernes through, and typling
eche Saboth day at morne: (bowres,
And you shall thinke this geare to be
ene too too much forborne.
Take care a whyle to bew the Skowtes,
and wanton walking trulles:
And you shall lie howe suffraunce nowe
good lyke awayward pulles.
What should I saye? Marke eche where
and you shall vnderstande (well,
And plainely see how sinne is sparde
and cloked vnder hande.

Beare bayting on the Saboth day.

What else but gaine and Money gote
maintaines each Saboth day
The bayting of the Beare and Bull?
What brings this brutish play?
What is the cause that it is borne,
and not controlled ought,
Although the same of custome be,
on holy Saboth wrought?
Now sure I thinke tys gaine or spite,
gainst good and godly lyke:
It seemes it is t'ynuegle men,
whyles Gods worde is so tyke:
I cannot any where percyue
where gaine is gotten well:
I can not see where well tys spent,
I thinke no man can tell

Or iuſtlie ſaye, here goeth one
(for moſt part now I meane)
That iuſtly lyues and leades his lyfe:
that doth to vertue leane.
But well, to God I leaue this geare,
I haue bene ſomewhat long:
Ile turne my tale to other talke:
Ile ſing ſome other ſong.

Finis.

The ſyxt Satyr.

*W*Hat think you (Bertulph) of this place
(this Church of Powles I meane)
How thinke you of th'abuſes here,
In talke and tales vncleane,
In fearefull oathes and vile compacts,
in vaine expence of winde,
In vilely ſpending tyme therein,
in ydle chat to finde
When occuppde at prayer time,
and other tymes vnmeete,
In toyes, and diuers noyſome trades?
(As thou thy ſelfe doſt weete.)
And ſoothly tell mee, what thou deemſt,
and how it ſeemes to thee,
In place reſeru'de to heare Gods worde,
ſuch Chaos vyle to ſee?

Powles Church abuſed.

Of

Bertulph. Of truth, to ſhew my minde therin
(at leaſt what I haue ſeene)
The tyme (as now) wyll not permit:
tys to farre ſpent I weene.
Againe, ſith you haue well begonne
of Nummus to intreate,
T'were pitie (ſure) that want of tyme
ſhould let you to repeate
Such things againe with briefe diſcourſe,
of well propoſed Theame:
Returne therfore, and make ſome ende
of this thy faithfull dreame.
And I at elſe appointed time
(for time it doth demaunde)
Will nothing fayle, in eche reſpect,
wherein you ſhall commaunde.

Paule. Well, well (quoth Paule) ſo ſhall it be.
Ile ende my tale begonne.
Ile not be long: giue ſilent eare,
the ſame ſhall ſoone be donne.
And now, beſides the great abuſe
that I whileare did name,
Here in this Temple (day by daye)
themſelues do likewiſe frame

Gentlemē. A number of our forraine Feeres
and men of grounded welth,
Our cawtie countrey Gentlemen
to wyn this noyſome pelth.

The

The fertile foyle that foyſon bringes
of goodly sheaued graine,
The Medow ground that plenty yéeldes
of Haye through little paine,
And ranckly ſpringing paſture, which
doth fat the fleeſed sheepe,
Will not ſuffice their greedy mindes,
nor them contented keepe.
Not gaine inough by gainſome trade,
to them will now ariſe,
Nor welth inough can quench their thirſt:
too much will not ſuffiſe
Or ſtay their luſt: ſtyll luſt they more.
Not highly rayſed rents
Not lofty fines can humors purge,
nor extreame whole extents
Can fyll their hungrie gaping gulles,
nor ſtaunch their fowle deſire.
They are ſo fell, that more they haue,
the more they do require.
Their Graūdſires great, of lōg time ſince,
their Auncetors of yore,
With ſole reuenewes of their lands,
haue maintainde euermore
Right worthy portes, forgetting nought
the ſtay of their good name:
Well gote they welth, in bountie, and
well ſpent they ſtill the ſame.

They

They neuer (moſt of them I meane)
encrocht on neighbors ground,
Nor ere incloſde vniuſtly ought,
They lyu'd within the bound
Of Charitie and reaſons lawe,
contented with their owne.
They ſtedde within their Tedure ſtill:
fowle fraude was then vnknowne,
At leaſt the fraude that's nowe in vre.
They neare enhaunſt their rentes,
Nor found ſuch beaſtly practiſes
as this vyle age inuents.
Their own ſuffilde: they ſought no more,
they lyu'de well of the ſame:
Yet lyu'de they not vnto themſelues,
as their ſucceſſors frame.
They well could byde that beggers ſhould
haue comfort at their gate:
They were cōtent, though that they dwelt
by men of meane eſtate.
But now not ſo. That Age is ſpent,
and Charitie withall:
Theſe men are not contented now:
to ſpoyle eche one doth fall.
They racking ſtretch their liuing ſo:
ſuch wooluiſh wayes they frame,
That through fine force, & pilfring ſhifts,
twiſe doubled are the ſame.

And

And double twiſe decayed yet
howſekeping is no doubt.
They liue lyke Miſers to them ſelues.
Their neighbours rounde about
Of poore eſtate may not approche
nor come within their gates:
Sometimes perhaps for faſhion ſake
they doe inuite their Mates,
And ſuch as doe the lyke to them:
or elſe by whome dooth ryſe
Some hope of gayne or getting ought.
And thus their bountie lyes.
But this not all: for wote you what?
They ſhame not now to ſay
That beggers doe ſo eate them vp,
that they no longer maye
Be able to keepe ope their doores,
nor howſekeping maintaine.
Perhaps they ſie ſome other trade
where lyes ſome greater gaine.
And ſoe they doe, for when they haue
once gotten to their handes
By purchaſe, fraude, and ſubtile meane
their néedy neighbours landes
About them rounde (whereby of trueth
they come to great decaye)
Then ſhut they doores & howſehold breake
they turne their men away.

And hither come they tag and ragge:
here muſt the gaine be had:
Here be their charges verie ſlight:
yet pelting twiſe as bad
As eare it was. The Countrie houſe
is broken vp through charge,
The lands are let, and fines are rayſde:
whereby comes in at large
Graund ſūmes of Coine: which gottē once
is ſtraight to London brought
To bring increaſe. (O helliſh trade)
and thus the meanes are wrought.
In bancke is layde the mightie Maſſe:
the gaine whereof may bée
Enough to maintaine them at eaſe,
May thalke thereof we ſée
Doth well ſuffice: for but one man
or two at moſt they haue.
And they themſelues doe Tables haunt,
and ſo ſir Nummus ſaue.
And at a meane and ſlender price,
themſelues, their men and all,
Haue meate and drinke euen of the beſt
well ſerued at their call:
And with reuenewes of the ſtock,
right richly are they clad.
And ſo from thence their brauing ſtate
and all the reſt is had.

Vſurers are Caterpillers in a comon wealth

The

The ſtocke as whole reſerued ſtill.
and oft (ſuch is the trade)
That frō the graund ſtock ſtowes ſo much
as petie ſtockes are made.
And here the caterpillers haunt.
In Powles forſooth they vſe
To ſpende the day to make their mart
and hearken after newes.
Was euer ſéene ſuch ſtate confuſde,
ſuch monſtrous kinde of men,
Such vomite, reffize, Dunghill drofſe?
what man can tell me when
ſuch watch, ſuch ward, ſuch winking wiles
were euer put in vre
In time to fore, or ſuch foule fraude
for Nummus to procure?
In faith, and by my ſauing health,
full hardly can I finde
A man amongſt a number now
of vncorrupted minde,
And ſuch a one as hope of gaine
will not procure to ſinne.
I think full fewe be lyuing now
whome méede may nothing winne:
Or whome that wealth may neuer winde
from Gods preſcribed lawe.
O earth, O ſinne, Oh Sathans thralles:
Howe doe we ſtill withdrawe

The grace and loue of God from vs?
O how doe we regarde
More, noysome coyne, then helth of soule
or hope of good rewarde?
I thinke if I could perseuere
one Monthe in this my tale,
I scantly should the halfe discrie
Of fraude, (for why) in sale
And eche compact, the sole regarde
of gaine is alway had:
And thirst of store, eache where almost
doth make the people mad.
O where are bits to bring them in,
and lawes to lay their rage?
O where is faith, or feare of God
in this presumptuous age?
Eache one dooth liue as lykes him best,
the lawes doe lye for gayne.
Besides deceit and vile deuise,
dooth nothing now remaine
Within the harts of English men,
farre fled is all remorse:
All loue of God, all feare of plague,
and Keysers mightie force.
Papistes. How prodde our Papistes priuily?
How doe these men purpose?
How prowle the Caytiues now about,
for Nummus day by daye?

Here

Here, in this Church a walck there is
where Papistes doe frequent
To talke of newes among themselues:
and oft the time is spent
In glad recounting of their state:
which though not at the best,
Yet ioy they still to see how men
in ayde thereof be prest.
And now comes one and cheeres them vp,
he telles them with great ioy,
That Pope and Spaniard ioyned be,
Gods people to annoy.
By solempne protestation comes
an other by and by
He tels how that in Flaunders still,
the Gospellers doe dye
For sole professing of the truth:
and with a cheerefull face,
He shewes how fast the Sheepe are slaine,
abroade in eary place.
And what great townes are now besiegde
and Cities rounde about.
And how Gods worde decayes apace,
euen all the worlde throughout.
Another new londe fellow comes,
and he beginnes to tell
How Popishe Champions landed are,
and Irish men rebell.

The Papistes walke in Powles.

The walke is in the south Ile.

How holye fathers blessing brought
in Bishops sacred breste,
Hath made the lande before prophane,
nowe holy as the reste.
And how that Stukeley lost his life,
among Barbariens late,
A Marquesse of the Romish marke,
O too untimely fate:
His part (alas) was yet to play
in places neerer hande.
He ment and bent his forces he,
against the Irish lande:
But what this Marquesse left undone,
Mack Morice he contryu'd:
And hotly gan pursue the charge,
But ah, it neuer thryu'd.
For Martyrlyke he lost his head,
a losse (in deede) to wayle:
Sithe holy Father, through this losse,
of his intent dooth fayle.
Great Sacks of newes are poured forth
in that same worthy walke.
And knauish knackes are there deuisde
whilst that they stately stalck
About the place lyke honest men,
and subiects true of hart.
From that same place doe rumors rise
Gods truth to ouerthwart.

Haue you not seene the knacke to knowe knaues by. compiled by many knaues?

From

From that same place doe slaunders come
and vile reprochful lyes
Against Gods word and Preachers true.
From that same corner flyes
Lewde skoffing iestes and taunting tales:
there doe these Rebels coyne
Their suttle drifts and noysome tales.
Yea, there doe they conioyne,
And cleaue like burres with solemne vow
the truth for to resist.
And doubt thers none, for why? I thinke
that they will so persist.
Untill that Sathan snatch them hence,
the Graundsire great of lyes:
And till through want of vitall breath,
they may no more deuise.
What kinde of men be these (I praye) Bertulph.
that thus themselues in vre?
What, are they open foes professt
that by these meanes procure
The slaunder of the certaine truth
and teachers of the same,
Or Ipocrites that couertly
the Ghospell doe diffame?
Once, Bertulph, tys well knowne to thée Paule.
that small restraint there is
For papistes tongues that proudly prate,
(how ere they gabbe amisse.)

They talke from feare of check at large.
But yet of them there bée
That preale amongſt prokellors true,
and well with them agrée.
For why, their lyuings ſo doe lye,
that but they ſeemed ſuch,
They neuer coulde aſpire ſo high,
nor yet obtaine ſo much
As now they doe. O Ianus Jacks
and double faced Dogs?
O wylie winckíng wyzard Woolues,
O grunting groyning Hogs?
Theſe men (I ſay) forſweare them ſelues
(As periurde Papiſtes do.)
They graunt the Quéene is ſupreme head
and murmure at it to.
But what of that, fine filed heads
well fraught with trim deuiſe
And ciuile ſleights, without remorſe,
ſuche ſcruples count vnwiſe.
And ſo through ſharpe and wylie wits,
And through farre fetching braines,
They mount aloft to honors tipe,
and come by greateſt gaines.
And theſe be they that vnder hande
the trueth do ſtill annoy,
And let the working of the worde
in ſuch as might enioy

The

The ſweeteſt ſalue of ſauing health.
Such lay the lothſome ſnares,
And when good ſeede is ſowne, forthwith
ſuch men ſowe noyſome tares.
Yea, ſuch I ſay (as to my tale)
lay waite by wylie wayes
For Nummus: and to get the ſame,
are preſt at all aſſayes.
Theſe be ſupporting purueyors
for Papiſtes nowe ſuppreſt
Theſe ranckly feede the pamperd Swyne
vpſtalled in their neſt.
Theſe foyſon bring, and brokers ſet
through bend of popiſhe crew,
And theſe men ſolter Balamites
To whome reuenge is dew.
Theſe men are ſole abettors of
the curſed Priests of Baall:
And theſe men ſhauelings doe ſuffulſe,
which elſe wolde haue a fall.
Iſt meruaile though they ranckly crowe
well lodged in their cage?
With prouen prickt, yt meruaile now,
That thus the Tigars rage?
What neede haue they to yelde thēſelues
vnto their lawfull Queene?
For what intent ſhould ſubiectes they
at any time be ſeene?

They

They want nothing, no pleasant lodge:
of biands they abounde,
Both Venson, Wine, and finest cates.
almoste that may be founde
They doe enioy: yea, and such store
as true report doth saye,
That (rather than the poore shoulde haat)
they cast their scraps awaye.
And in good sooth, their welth is such
and dainty fare so ryfe,
That worldlings wil not blame their wit
to leade such captiue lyfe.
And fooles they were if they woulde not
be persecuted so:
Yea some of them so sore be hurt
that broade they ryde and go.
They walke and wallow at their will:
they hawke and hunt pheere
With such as haue the charge of them:
they quaffe and make good cheere,
Set Cock on hoope, with hoape that once,
a daye shall paye for all:
Meane time they wil not die through care
nor from their treason fall.

Bertulph. Why Pawle (quoth Bertulph) mercy will
perhaps so pierce their hart,
That through the mercye of the Prince
they will to trueth conuart.

May

Nay Bertulph, tys so farre, that they Paule.
with mercye shoulde be wonne,
That bauntingly they bragge and saye
bounde dutie will haue done
All that is done: and (thus) they crake
that if the Quéene by lawe
Or conscience coulde them gyltie dampne,
she woulde not stande in awe
To send them to their doome: nor to
restraine their tongues so loose.
Thus bleate the Popish Balamites,
thus creakes the Romishe goose.
And what, should mercie here be shewde,
or can the same preuaile?
No no, as long as mercy is,
their tongues shall neuer quaile,
Nor harte obdured once relent:
nor common state be sounde.
For how can gentle salue doe good
or cure the festred wounde?
How can the body be in health,
that is with Biles infect? I meane those of thē
Or Tree sprig well that hath dead sprayes only that
vnlesse you doe resect haue bene
The braunches of? What man so mad distained
will shewe himselfe to bée, with the
As ought to hope for leaues or fruite blonde of
to come from rotten Trée? the Lordes
Saintes.

How

How can the ſtate of Chriſt his flock,
be kenced from decay:
Unleſſe the higher powers doe caſt
the ſtumbling ſtocks away?
How can the Lord of truth be pleaſde,
when ſuch falſe Prophets liue?
How will he like to haue them kept
his ſely Lambes to grieue?
And doubt the Tiraunts now to ſay
that time ſhall come againe
Wherein the bleſſed Saints of God
by them ſhall ſuffer paine?
No no, they feare not to proteſt,
that where they put to death
Of late but few, for eaſye ſuch
ſhall twentie looſe their breath
In time to come. O bloudie beaſtes
and foule infected Swine?
But theſe be they for whom (no doubt)
men ſcrape and ſo purloine:
For whome theſe factors haue ſuch care
and paſſing great regard:
For whom they powle the Preachers true
theſe Monſters to reward.
And hate of theirs ſo haynous is,
their rancor hath ſuch force
Againſt the Goſpell of the Lorde,
that (voyde of all remorſe)

They

They eft procure Pluralities
For vile diſguiſed Jacks.
They glad and ioy, to ſee the Church
ſuſtaine ſuch wofull lacks.
And they againe, a Prieſting ſort,
attyred in theyr kinde:
Doe creepe into Cathedrall Celles.
theyr charge they haue aſſignde,
To be diſchargde per auters mains,
themſelues will liue at eaſe,
They force not what become of flock,
ſo they fir Nummus pleaſe.
And Nummus do they feiſe in deede,
which feiſed buyldes no Schooles:
Nor makes no ſtockes for men decayde,
no Bertulph ſo playes fooles.
But here you may not take me ſo
as if I did deface
Without reſpect, the good with badde
in eache Cathedrall place.
Much leſſe that I depraued haue
all Preachers ſo attyde
In Prieſtiſh weedes, as Popelings were,
and as theyr ſtate requyride.
No: farre and farre, be this from me,
for why I knowe right well:
That in theſe Prieſtiſh weedes there are,
full many that excell.

Naye

Naye Bertulph naye, then blame haue I
if so my wordes be meante:
For some of these attyred thus,
in peacefull wise are bent:
And brawle not with their brethren, who
neglecte or cleane refuse:
And therefore great vniustice t'were,
such Preachers to accuse.
Although I wishe (that's all I maye,)
that Preachers might be knowne
From Popish Jacks in weedes and words
a thing confused growne.
But hush, Ile haste me to the shore:
Ile shonne such mounting waues.
Ile leaue this Sea for to be swomme
of tryple tongued Naues.

FINIS.

The seauenth Satyr.

Paule.

NOw harken Bertulph to the ende
of this my present tale.
I am enforst my floting Boate
to shore from course to hale.
The time runnes on, the day is spent,
The night awayward pulles,
And endlesse scope of my pretence,
downe prested pallate dulles.

O endlesse powre, O welspring, whence
all wisedome wisely flowes:
O God, whose grace doeth guide the good,
in whome all bounty growes:
Thou knowst the harts, & seest the raynes
yea, thinwarde thoughts of men
Doe open lye before thy face:
Thou knowst how, where and when
Ech thing hath, is, or shall be done
or elsse committed: thou
Hatte perfite bewe and insight good
which waye mans hart doth bow.
Thou, thou, I say, sole God of might,
beholdst the harts of men,
What they pretend, what yll they worke:
so iustly iudge me then,
And shut thy mercy from my soule,
if flaundrously my lyps
Doe ope at all: or if my tongue
of vaine presumption skyps
From this to that, or rashly run
more then the truth doth bige,
Or more then that through extreame rage
and force of sinfull surge
I am constrainde with diepe remorse
and moaning plaint to tell.
O, oh, how many brothell Bawdes
within the towne doe dwell?

How

How many filthy scudding scowtes,
beskurre their crooked stumpes?
For gaine, for gaine, olde mother B
how shee still lymping lumps,
And proddes about with ackwarde pace
vnto her beastly haunt?
How doe these subtile groyning Sowes
poore sely girles enchaunt,
And oft abet the loued spouse
to start from husbands bed?
Beholde I saye, how by these Bawdes,
are women captiue led
And simple maydes vnto the spoyle.
Beholde and see their trade,
See, see, what wyly winking shiftes,
by cliffe browde beasts are made.
Of course and custome, common Innes
they watch with warie eye
If that at any tyme they may
(as oft they do) espye
The countrey maides that come from far,
as straungers to the towne:
Whome still the Trottes doe tittle so,
that straight all shame layde downe.
They yelde thē selues as captiue queanes,
vnto some whorish caue:
Where trotting Jade for filthye gaine
doth vrge them to behaue

Full

Full ſoone themſelues vile ſtrumpet lyke
to lyue by whoriſhe trade:
And ſhe hir ſelfe doth let them forth
that gaine by them be made.
But (out alas) the Maidens mindes
and comming was tobtaine
Some ſeruice where to ſpend their times
as ſeruaunts to remaine.
O ardent fyre of flaming ſinne.
O rage, O riot, O
That euer ſuch ſhould be ſuſtainde
or once on grounde ſhould goe?
Beholde beholde how good mens wyues
Inuegled are by them?
Behold howe ſeruaunts they ſupport?
Beholde how they doe hem
And hooke to them through crooked guile
And vndereating craft,
Great ſtore of Truls? Beholde I ſay
how often is berakt
By them alas the fruitfull wife,
of her moſte louing mate:
And huſband bearing honeſt port,
of wife in that ſame rate.
Beholde alſo how honeſt Maides
and ſeruaunts they entyce
To whoredome, theft, and filching by
their diuiliſh vile deuice.

But wher are these? how should we know
where such lewde Lossels lodge?
Where is their haunt, & where are they
accustomde thus to dodge?
Rounde, round about the Citie walles.
Within and eke without.
The Alleys, Lanes, yea open streates,
and places all about
Are now repleniſht with such stuffe,
and filthy broken ware.
And (wo begone) the Officers
thereof doe take no care.
For if they did, how durſt the Drabs
and Callets be so bolde
As limpe about in lawlesse times
or take into theyr holde
Yong fillock Jylles, and bawdie Jacks
at inconuenient tides:
And still retaine for storeware some
within their house belydes?
How durſt the Dunghils daunce about
with blinde bagaries so,
And with close colours leade their trulls
where that they liſt to go?
Behold, behold, how camoyſed queane
and craftie crooked crib
Doth vnder vile and lewde pretence,
(most like a suttle gib)

Pre-

Pretende to place in ſeruice ſtill
yong maydens here and there.
And maidens hauing refuge ſuch,
beholde how they ne keare.
To pilfer, filch, and to purloyne
from Maiſter and from Dame,
And in the ende to giue the ſlip
and ſerue no moze the ſame.
Which all doth ſpzing from wimpled B:
and olde deceitfull Bawde,
And how to her the gaine doth riſe,
which ſhée by theft ſo dzawde
Beſides reuenues of the taile,
and kozreine filched good:
Beholde how thus lyke carrein Crow,
ſhée liues by filthy foode.
An other ſozte of them aduert
ſome olde, ſome yong yfeere,
That walke about with Bzuſhes, Pins,
with Tape and other geere.
But well, ſith that the campes be wyde,
wherein as now I walck:
I leaue them here, entending once,
at large therein to ſtalck
And ſeuer places by themſelues,
with ſtyles and parting ſtakes:
And as I can, to my pooze ſkill,
reſcind the noyſome bzakes.

For treating now of broking Bawdes,
and filthie Panders, I
Haue cause therein full many such
vile persons to descrie.
For why the husband now is prest,
to put his wife for gaine
Unto hir choise to be an whore,
or honest still remaine.
And so it is: else how coulde they
thus strumpet like attyre
And set them out? tys too too true,
they let their wiues to hire.
O great excelle, how long could I
retaine your eares herein,
If I but briefely shoulde discourse?
(So great a scope hath sinne.)
But as I sayde, so shall it be:
I leaue it to my pen,
Which (graunting God) hereafter shall
at large dilate it: when
Both time shall yeelde hir selfe thereto
and minde (as onely bent
Upon the same) shall beate at full,
with perfite true intent.
Meane time, with one thing more, I ende
which (sith the day is past)
Ile comprehend in briefest wordes:
and this shall be the last.

Whereas

Whereas before, of broking Bawdes
my former tale was tolde,
Of Brokers likewise now to tell Brokers.
my Pen shall be so bolde.
For why, their deedes be damnable:
and they in number so
Doe still increase, that day by day
by them deceyts doe grow
In such aboundance, that (alas)
I feare, I feare as now,
All dread of plagues cleane set apart,
to fraude mens mindes doe bow:
Sequestred cleane from Godly loue,
and so from Godly feare,
That rich to poore, where gaine doth lye,
will rauine nought forbeare.
And (out alas) where heretofore,
(prickt forth by thirst of gaine)
Within the Towne, of Brokers, they
did thirtie such ordaine,
Or thereabouts, shrewde wylye Mates
and wittie wincking Colts
(Although in wisedome sure I think,
they showde themselues but dolts)
To vse the trade of broking, and
discréetly so the same,
That if the worlde should bewe the Act,
they might be voyde of blame:

Whereas (I say) of late this act
decreed was for intent,
That Broking trade might practizd be
by men so well ybent,
That reason ruling them therein,
(though Gods worde doth forbid,
And cleane condemne all loane for gaine)
their fact might so lye hid.
I speake of the intent as it hath faine out Athens such order made.
Now now alas, (O sinfull fact)
the Magistrates, herein,
Not so content for to dispence
with such an haynous sinne,
Doe altogither cleane neglect
by them such order made:
Whereby whole hundreds now doe liue
by beastly broking trade.
And in such sort doe they demeane
themselues, and so deuise,
That horrible it is to tell
which way their gaine doth rise.
* Gentlemē, when they can get no Money of loane, are glad to take wares whereof Money maye be made.
Our gentlemen in these our dayes
(as soothly goes report)
In time of neede, to Marchantmen
are woonted to resort
*And take of loane such wares, as they
best like of: yielding theare
Themselues to bandes, and suraunce good
to paye for all the ware,

Which

Which whē they haue with thirſting hope
once taken to their handes,
For ware, ſcant halfe may they obtaine
for to diſcharge their bandes:
And ſo perforce conſtrained are
to ſue for brokers ayde,
By whom they thinke to ſaue themſelues:
And ſo the goodes are layde
In brokers handes: who handle them
ſo handſomly I trowe,
That all the gaine that may be had,
doth to the Broker growe.
For (at the leaſt) one part thereof
he kiepes vnto his ſhare:
And yet vnto the gentleman
he yéeldeth for his ware
Perhaps muche more then he himſelfe
coulde haue obtainde therefore.
He nicks him, and beſides he takes
a crowne in earle ſcore
For payment of his paines therein.
O execrable crime?
Were euer ſéene ſuch ſubtile ſhifts
in any former time,
As are in this our preſent age?
what ſhould I thinke therein?
No doubt, no doubt, that men as now
doe ſnoring ſléepe in ſinne.

Note the ſubtiltie of the Marchaunt which vttereth his wares in ſuch ſort, and that alſo for vſurie

The Lethargie or some such yll
doth rikely raigne abroad.
They are downe prest w^t^ monstrous sins
and yet sustaine the loade.
What craft is coyned day by day?
what fraude ar fresh is founde?
What new deuise and straunge decepte
doth in this age abounde?
I feare, I feare, true dealing now
deryded is with men.
I feare me they doe practise Faith
and Truth but now and then.
But (as vnto my former tale.)
Is this the worst they vse?
Will Broker vse this onely theft
and other fraude refuse?
No no, the varlet vengeablye
can coyne more noysome drifts:
He hath his bouget fraught with fraude,
and Foxie knauish shifts.
Well scapes the dettor, if he doe
three parts thereof obtaine.
Nay, oftentimes hies glad to take
one onely part againe.
For broker when he hath the goodes,
at laysure will repay
The same by peecemeale: and perhaps
for all his foule delay,

The

The detter ſhall be glad to take
on quarter of the ſame.
If this be well, (as true it is)
then nothing's out of frame:
And all may be right well forborne,
as it hath bene full long.
But hapt the ſame to Magiſtrates,
they would redreſſe the wrong,
And not let light by ſuche deceyt:
nor wincking, let it lye.
Had they ſuch loſſe, they would I ſaye
redreſſe full ſoone eſpye.
But who cares ought, ſo gaine be had,
and wares be made away?
They vtter by ſuch meanes their wares.
Why then, what hurt haue they?
They ſhall be payde, who eare do léeſe,
and gaine ſhall they by lone.
Although the detter looſe the halfe,
yet theyle take héede to one.
And oftentimes (ſuch is the fayth
of theſe vile broaking knaues)
When they haue gotte the dettors goodes,
they wyll lyke roging ſlaues
Some of them ſhewe a payre of héeles:
the Rakehells wyll be gone.
Theyle runne away with goodes and all,
though lyke lye therupon.

And

And doubtleſſe, many of them doe
  ſo practize now a dayes,
That they come vp and riſe to welth,
  by ſuch vngodly wayes.
Some of them vſe ſuch priuie ſhifts,
  and ſuch cloſe couched wyles,
That they come vp and beare good port
  And only liue by guyles.
And other ſome ſo ſlauiſhe be
  and cutthroate cullion leeke,
That when they haue a bootie gote,
  theyle ſtreightwaye giue the gleeke,
And pack away. As, now and then
  is brought into their handes
A Chaine of Golde, a Tablet or
  ſome bracelet golden bandes
By Gentlemen to lay to pawne
  For Nummus when they neede:
Which, whē they haue once in their hands,
  theyle pack away with ſpeede.
I tell you Bertulph, on my fayth,
  if I ſhould now dilate
The vile deceite of Brokers, and
  ſo ſet to vew their ſtate,
You ſcantly could abide to heer't,
  ſo horrible it is.
But thus we muſt conſider ont,
  and ſo I ende with this.

Where

Where that the ſtate corrupted is
by them that beare the ſwaye,
There meaner people will peruert
and bring it to decaye.
If Maiſtrate doe winne with fraude,
the commons will the ſame.
If Magiſtrate muſt winck for feare,
then all goes out of frame.
And ſo I ende till time renue
this tale of mine begonne.
I tell you trueth, there reſteth yet
much more ere it be done.
But here you haue vnto my heſt,
declared (as I can)
How Nummus is awayted for
by moſte men now and than:
And how the ſame is put to vſe
moſt wicked now a dayes:
And how it is by men abuſde
in ſpending many wayes.
You eke haue heарde expreſſed here,
how often times it is
For hoorde kept cloſe and cofferd vp.
I haue delated this.
Now reſteth that I doe declare
how hée hath harmed mée.
But this (as I intende) hereafter ſhall dilated bée:

For

For (doubtleſſe) herein doth conſiſt
a thing importing wayte,
To ſhew how Nummus doth deceiue
by Sathans ſubtile ſleight.
And ſithe I doe entende at large
of this (God graunting grace)
To write hereafter, now I ende:
and (with erected face)
Unto my God great thankes I yeelde,
that ſo hath beene his will
To guide my tongue the thing to ſpeake
wherein doth reſt ſuch ill.
And praye we hartily vnto him
to mitigate the paine
And plague which for our monſtrous lyfe
as due doth now remaine.

Amen.

The

The.viii.and laſt Satyr.

The Author.

THough Muſe haue made his finall end,
and Penne haue runne his race,
Yet carefull cuſtome cauſeth me
to waile the want of grace.
And quaking quill renewes the plaint
that lurckes in penſiue breaſt
Commixt with cares that flow from head
full fraught with great vnreſt.
The time backe beates mine idle braine
that labour ginnes to leaue:
And rage of ſinne returnes the grieke
my ſilent pawſe to reaue.
How ſhall I ſafely ſeeke the ſhoare?
How may I ſhun the ſeas,
Untill that Triton blow retreate
and mounting waue appeas?
The dawning day doth keepe alooke,
and Loades man loſeth ayme:
The ryffle rock doth lye in wayte
my beaten barke to maime.
And yet when daye ſhall once diſcrye
the daunger of the ſurge,
Then ſhall my puppe due courſe obſerue
and glide through crooked gurge.

Meane

Meane time betoſt with great turmoyle,
and tempeſts bitter ſtawe,
Ile keepe my ſelfe amid the ſtreame:
and yet a while withdrawe
My Pen from port of quiet pawſe.
For time doth vrge me ſo:
The time alas infect with ſinne.
Yea time wherein doth grow
The rage of ſinne and ryots force,
the raumping Serpents guile,
With all deceyt that maye be founde:
yea ſinne almoſt to vile
To be expreſt or ſet to vewe.
But ſuch is Sathans force:
Such are the harts of banquiſht thralles,
cleane fruſtrate of remorce.
Call call to minde you careleſſe crewe:
Lay cuſtome now a ſide:
And let your fayth with faithfulleſſe fruites
herein a while be tride.
Confirme the lyfe that you doe leade
And ratifie the ſame.
And then lets ſee how wilfully
you wander worthy blame.
First Auarice, what force it hath,
what curſed cancre tis,
What running rot and cureleſſe wounde,
to men apparaunt is.

The canker of couetouſnes is cauſe of all euill.

What

What great enorm this sin hath wrought
what thirsting hath procurde,
The block, the tree, the beggers bagge
such sequeale hath inurde:
And yet how rykely now it raignes,
how graft in greedy mindes,
How grounded tis in peoples harts,
a proofe our liuing findes.
No one abandons beastly trade,
nor maketh staye at all
To practise fraude and filching lore
so gaine therby may fall.
The rich doth laye his goods for gaine,
and gapeth still to gett
The substance of the niedie soule
that gote the same by swett.
The néedie (not vnlike) deuise
and séeke by subtile drifts
To scrape for coyne, and gaine to winne,
do séeke vngodly shifts.
So charitie excluded is:
and loue is kept alooke.
And right is wronged through rewarde,
as falleth still in proofe:
And Vsurie about the Towne
is maintaind as a trade:
And equitie to ease the wrong,
in matters dares not wade.

But

But well, the Sinne shall not be hid
nor cloked from the vew.
I will explane the practise here
in wordes that doe ensew.
The Cormorannt that coucheth vp
and crams his cankerd bags,
Doth giue to hoord his gotten coyne:
and bowte the towne he lags.
To Broker doth he bende his course:
or happly vnto him
The Broker bannes and weanes a mate
for purpose very trim.
And twene them two are crafftes conueyd
and fory falshode wrought.
Twene them are traps so framed, that
thereby is Nummus caught.
O God, what gaine doth guilefull gnutte
by loane of Nummus raise?
How doth he nick the debter now
by hault exacting wayes?
Ten powndes in hundred, nothing is.
and twentie is but small.
For halfe in halfe full oftentimes
in loane among doth fall.
A sely man constraind of late
to borowe for his neede,
Repaird vnto a Marchant man
to borowe on his déede

The

The Marchant (as it is of course)
had Money none to lende:
But wares he prokerd willingly.
and Dettor in the ende
The same became: and tooke to loane
as much as did amount
To thirty poundes of currant coyne
by Marchantmans account.
Which wares so taken vp to loane,
to Broker are they brought:
The Broker to the Marchaunt he
(of whome the same were bought)
Full falsely doth returne them streight:
who now twise gaynes thereby:
For lyke he soulde and now eftsoones
the same agayne doth buye.
So that when this our sely soule
should rayse thereof the summe:
Aboue the price of twenty pounde,
the credit will not come.
For ten in thirty could vouchsafe,
the Treditor to haue
For recompence in Vsurie.
O careless cankerd slaue,
O cawty cutthroate, cullion, wretch,
O Caterpyllers Féere,
O miserable Murtherer,
Canst thou abyde this geare?

¶ The time is now at hande wherein
thou straight account shalt make:
Wherin thou shalt Hell fire gain
for gaine that thou didst take.
O Usurer, thou Sathans thrall,
and Butcher of the Fiende,
Thy Golde shall be transformde to muck:
thy plagues shall neuer ende.
But as thou doost thy Ocker vse
t'oppresse thy neighbour hiere:
Euen so the scorching flames of Hell
thy caytyfe corps shall deere.
Thy ruffy hoorde ascendes the skie:
thy derrors harme doth mount
Unto the high supernall seate
to call thee to account.
Thou greedy Gleade, thou hūgry Hawke,
thou starueling Vultures mate,
How darste thou thus by rauine seeke
to maintaine thine estate?
I see how thou canst soare aloft
like hungry Hawke tespye
And catching Kite, when pray shal spring,
for beste game bent to flye.
I see thy subtile lagging pace,
and craftie colourde guile:
I see thy false dissembling sleight:
I see thy playted wile.

Thou

Thou haſt deuiſed by the Monthy,
for gaine to let thy ware:
Thy money eke from monthy to monthy,
thou canſt right well forbeare.
But for eche ſhilling (Caytife thou)
in ſurplyſage wilt take
A penie: and of twentie ſhil-
lings, twentie pennies make:
And (in that rate) for fortie pounde,
ſo lent out: in a yéere,
Thou wilt receiue twiſe fortie pounds,
Of lawfull Money cléere.
Thou wienſt to welter here for aye,
and wallowe in thy welth:
Thou neuer thinkſt to ſée the daye
to part from this thy pelth.
But I will tell thée Cormorant,
thou fell and egre droane:
Eche pennie ſhall accountaunt be
which thou haſt let in loane.
And though as now the law be thine
to laye beneath thy foote:
Yet then the furyes by decrée
ſhall rende thy hart at roote:
When as the libell of thy luſt
and bayliwick abuſde,
Shall thée condempne to Limboe pit
and ſcalding lake confuſde.

The Auctor vpon the Booke, in the defence of the gouernement of the Citie.

TWo sortes of men repaire vnto this Booke.
The one to carpe and cauell at my wordes:
The other through delyght, thereon doth looke:
And reading it, true iudgement well afordes.
He deemeth straight (when haply I reproue)
That mine intent is vices to remoue.

But nowe, tappease and satisfie the minde
Of such as rashly ronne with open mouth
At my reprooke which often here they finde,
I thus much say to them in my behoue.
I meane, I touch, I quip no priuate man
For hate, ne spite since first my worke began,

Nor yet doo I (with chyldish rage stird vp)
Seeke to deface a worthy commmon state
Of such as seldome drinke of sinfull Cup
By matter such as I doo here debate.
For I protest, I know no matter why
I should so doo: sith no man can deny

That in the Towne are diuers sortes of men
By whome the vertuous are supported styll:
With whome the wicked may at no tyme blen
Their noysome drifts, nor work the thing thats yll:
By whome the poore and needie are sustainde:
And eke with whom true zeale hath styl remainde.

I meane both Iudge, Philition, Lawyer and
The Marchaunt (whom euen all I must commend)
With other else which in my Booke do stande.
I say, of them there be whome to defende
I neede not here. Their lyues auoyde the blame,
And through good lyfe, they wyn immortall fame.

FINIS.

Gentle Reader, for the fillinge vp of emptie pages, this letter written by the Author to his friende lying at the point of death is inſerted.

SIr, howe and in what wiſe euery man ſhoulde beare him ſelfe towarde his friende in time of health, in time of proſperitie and ſtrengthe, moſte men knowe: yea, ſuche is the vntruſte that is in man, moe men can ſpeake plauſibly in time of good happe, as we terme it, then in time of ſiknes iudge vprightly. Alas, in time of ſickneſſe and in aſſaultes of death (wherin the bodye is not moze greuouſly oppreſſed then the minde diuerſly diſtracted and the ſoule mightelye aſſaulted) how fewe doe conſider, or at the leaſtwiſe, do apply them ſelues to the reliefe of the pooze afflicted ſoule, to the ſtrengthning of the feeble mynde, and to the repelling of thoſe bytter temptations and aſſaults of the common enemies of mankinde, the olde Serpente, the vaine, wicked and vnconſtant woꝛlde, and the fraile, peruerſe and rebellious fleſh which alwayes doe attend and attempt the ſicke enfeebled

and oppressed person? Surely, were it not that God in time of suche extremitye dothe mightelie comforte and confirme suche as be his in the promises of his mercye, in the death of his deare Jesus, and in the merytes of his passion: it is not possible but that sickenes shoulde be intollerable, death horryble, Hel victorious, the bodye liuing, to be a terrour to the mynde, and the mynde so terrified and brought to desperation, to be the perpetual dampnation of the bodye and soule.

Which thing considered, and from my verye harte remembred, I cannot choose but in this blessed battaile, and I truste (thoughe somewhat sharpe and egre) yet most happy conflycte whervnto (as a fellowe souldyer, and adopted brother) you are called for your tryall, I cannot choose I saye, but, to the increase of your courage, endeuoure to make plaine vnto you in all that I maye, the fruit of affliction and the commoditye of death: imparting with you suche weapons as for mine owne store, the Lorde our Captaine hathe alloted vnto me, to the ende, that being conueniently appoynted, you may resist and auoyde at all assayes, and become bolde, valiaunt, constant and perseuerable to the death. Touching which death, notwithstanding

ding it be greeuous to the fraile flesh, yet is it moste ioyfullye to be receyued as an vndoubted ende of all griefe, for why? it is the beginning of Ioye and perpetuall tryumph wherevpon a certaine godly man wryteth. If thou haddest a good conscience, thou woldest not flye death. And againe, why haste thou pleasure in that wretched body, whose felowshippe doth nothing els but violentlye withdrawe and deteine thee from the kingcome of euerlasting glorie? O Cousen: what else but a place of exile is the miserable bodie to the Soule? And to what thinge else maye this our lyfe more aptlye be compared, then to an horsswaie or stage playe where men do assemble to behoulde sondrye feates, and where euerye man laboureth in all that he maye, to winne praise, promotion and authoritye after the ende of his tragicall part: God onelye is permanent immortall & euerlastinge: All thinges else are transitorye and subiecte to corruption. They be constituted corruptible and mortall, and must be consumed of time, and haue their endes bycorruption. The Sunne shall passe, for it was made but for mans vse. The Moone, and the starres shall perish, for they were created but for the necessitye of man. Heauen and

earth shall decaye, for they conteine but a place of exile and prison for the body of man: yea, the body of man also shall perish, for it is but as an enemy to exercyse the soule, and to make it apte to apprehend by fayth, the Joyes of heauen and crowne of immortalytie. Moste certaine (I saye) it is that the fraple body shalbe resolued to earthe, & there shall sleepe till the soule returne vnto it, and tyll the members be restored to their right places. Wherefore, if the earth and corruption is the ende of the bodye: yea, the end of all things that were made & created, and that the same ende of the bodye is the beginning of lyfe, wishe for death, wishe for a peaceable departure, and finding the same, imbrace it: saying in your hart: Come Lord, come Jesus, make haste and tary not: Come Lorde that I maye be one with thée and coheyre of the kingdome purchased with thy precious bloud. Deere Cosen and beloued in the Lorde, lette not longe sickenesse discourage you, neyther be you in anywise perplexed or greeued with the lowe state and constitutiō of your body: And in and aboue all thinges, let not hyndraunce in worldly affayres disquyet you. As you haue begonne, so further the will of the Lord, and be ready to receiue what-

whatsoeuer he wil lay vpō you. For the greatest affliction & misery that man may or doth suffer in this lyfe, is not worthie the leaste of those treasures which God will bestowe vpon him in the lyfe to come, which is durable, permanent, glorious & altogither full of blessednes. And assure your selfe (for so God hath promised, and wyll not goe one iote from his worde) that he wyll laye no more vpon you, then by his grace and strengthe you shalbe able to beare, althoughe he seeme somewhat sharply to correct you, and somewhat seuerely to deale with you: for who is he whome the Lorde chastneth not? Surely, surely, whome he loueth, the same dothe he chasten, & in him is he delighted as the father in his son, offering himselfe vnto him as a deere father to his sonne: whereas if we refuse chastysement, we are no sonnes, but bastards, and not inheritable by any right. Ioseph was afflicted and delyuered by y^e Lord. Dauid was chastised, and he acknowledged the Lorde and founde relefe in his Soule. Tobias was corrected, and he founde health. Iob was tryed & was made perfect. What shoulde I say, euen all the Appostles, all the Prophets: yea, and all the good men that euer were, haue bine tryed by affliction, chosen

ſen by perſecutō, and crowned by patience, abydinge the wyll and pleaſure of God. Wherefore, be ſtrong in the Lord, & deſire of him in your hart yᵗ his will may be wrought in you, & that you may with a glad hart receyue whatſoeuer his Maieſty ſhal lay vpon you. Aſſure your ſelfe that this your preſent ſickneſs is either for puniſhment of ſinne, for exerciſe of your faith, or to yᵉ death. And therfore, if it be for puniſhment, beſéeche him to giue you patience and aſſure your ſelfe vpon repentaunce, to haue frée & full remiſſion in Chriſt: If it be for tryall, giue him thanks: & if it be to the death, reioiſe in it, & thinke it is yᵉ greateſt gift that euer he gaue you in this world, being the very paſſage to the heauenlye and Angelicall Paradiſe. And pray euen from the bottom of your hart, that neyther the loue of the worlde, nor the feare of the ſame death, may diſtracte you from the deſire of it. Be not carefull to leaue your kinſfolckes, friends, and acquaintaunce, let it not gréeue you to part from your goods, nor haue any loue depending vpon any earthly thinge whatſoeuer. As for your kinſfolkes and worldly friendes, at your Graue they wil leaue you, and within a while after forget you: and ſhortlye after that, ſhall dye them-

themselues, and be forgotten themselues also. Your goods wilbe fawning vpon other men, assoone as the breath shalbe out of your body: and euen as they serued you, so are they readye to serue an other, and perhaps to his perdition, without the speciall grace of God. To conclude, lift vp your harte, & cal together your wits, which are dispersed and diuersely affected to things which are corruptible, and fall not from God, for things that are so deceytfull and vaine. A battaile must be, no question: No triumphe is obteined without fyghte, neyther any Garlande giuen, but to him that manfully standeth in the Lorde. If any sorrow be found in death, it ariseth but of our owne inkynde or desperate feare: for death is but a swyfte flyghte or passage of the soule frō the corruptible bodye, rather to be desyred then to be fled from of men. God is the rewarder of this conflict, & heauen is the eternal stipend. Wherefore, let these giftes prouoke you to estéeme this battaile the lighter: for chéerefully shall you passe after death, into y^e^ pleasant Campes of heauē, which place is conuenient for those y^t^ haue minded heauenly things. The saints of heauē wil receiue you as a friendly cōpaniō of theirs into y^e^ portalles of cléerenes, where-

as

as you shall finde verye glorious abyding. Thus shall you (at the last) come frō greeuous cares and from large continuing troubles into a peceable rest and mansion of quiernes. In the Paradise aboue or like place of pleasureamong the departed Saints, shal be your continuaunce, hauing all the heauens at your pleasure. A celestiall song wil be vttered at those recreations, and so swete melodies as are able to moue the Starres. With the Saints, I say, departed hence shal you lyue, and with them shall you raigne in heauen with your Redéemer: so much glorie hereafter shall you haue, and so muche heauenlye honour. What shoulde I saye? In that place is eternall pleasure, and a lyfe replenished with perpetuall felicytie: yea, in that place shall the glorye of the Godhead be reuealed vnto you, and séene with your very eyes: euen with those your eyes of flesshe, which from the foundations of the worlde hathe bine hidde frō from mankinde in this his mortalitye. Fynallye, there shall you wayte vpon the Lambe, your Sauiour Iesus, who surelye loues you and reioyseth that he hath sauedyou. Good Cousen, assure your self that in this blessed place you muste néedes bée. And that as surely as your Sauioure lyued here

here vpon the earth, so surely you must and shall raigne with him in the heauens. For there is hée, there is that Sauiour your head who can not nor will not be separated from any of his members. As for the weight of Synne, howe heauye, howe haynous, howe huige and burthensome soeuer it be, caste it all vpon him, for therefore he dyed, and not for small sinnes onely, but for all the sinnes that mankinde hath committed, doth or shal committe from the begynninge of the worlde to the ende of the same. It is his onelye and greate glorye to be a Sauiour. And for that cause is he ascended to the heauens in our fleth, and will in no wise deceyue those poore séelyones vpon the earth that cling vnto him for helpe and saluation. And where as (haply) you may feare, because of the weakenes of your fayth, which nowe in your extreame and laste battayle) if so to be the Lorde haue appoynted it vnto you) is diuerslye assayled and assaulted: Be of good comforte and plucke vp your courage, for that méeke Sauiour wyll not caste you of: no, he will not caste of his séelye creature though he be hable to touche but the hemme of his vesture. It is toulde vs in the sacred scriptures that he will not quenche

quenche the ſmoking flaxe nor breake the bruiſed Reed. O, he is gentle, & will make all perfect that in the poore ſoule of mās vnperfect. He knoweth and hath felt how harde a thing it is for poore man, to ſtande vpon his legs, when he hath to deale with thoſe ghoſtly and ghaſtly enimies: Sathan, the worlde, and the fleſh: but eſpecially in the Agonye of death. O how well acquainted, is he with thoſe conflicts? Feare not, Cowſe, feare not: If your faith be but as a graine of Muſterdſeede, you ſhalbe ſaued. That Sauiour hath ſaid it. And as for thoſe wounds and ſkarres that theſe bloudy enemies haue made or ſhal make in your feeble ſoule, that heauenly Samaritane ſhall binde them vp againe, and ſhall ſupple them with the oyle of his grace, ſo that they ſhall not hinder you a whit. He will in no wiſe diſdayne you, no: although you were as fowle as a Leaper. For what are they but ſins? what are they (I ſay) but fowle and lothſome ſinnes that his precious bloud hath waſhed and ſhall waſh away in mankinde, ſo longe as mankinde ſhall haue place and abyding in the Tabernacle of ſinful fleſh? He knoweth, yea, he knoweth and that throughly, what poore man is & whereof he is made. And as he knoweth him, ſo he pitieth

pittieth him, and thereof hath giuen him a a sure and euerlasting Testimony: For he hath dyed for him: he hath dyed, (I saye) for man, that man might liue with him for euer be saued. In him therefore be comforted, and vpon him only repose your whole confidēce, to the last gaspe of your life: say vnto him, if not with a lowde and strong voice, yet softly in your sick soule. Lorde Iesu receyue my spirit. Come Lord and make haste. Into thy hands Lorde I commend my spirit. &c. And so saying, waight pacientlye when he shall come vnto you, and put a finall end to your happy conflycte. To the same Lorde, being God in Trinitye, with the father and the holy Ghost, be all honor praise and glory eternally.
Amen.

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